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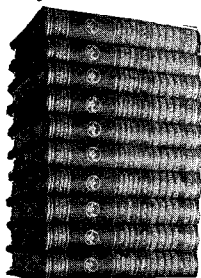
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# The Outlook

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IF you are in the habit of buying The Outlook at a news-stand, it will be to your advantage to place a standing order with your newsdealer. The War Industries Board has requested publishers to discontinue the acceptance of unsold copies from newsdealers, and in conformity with that request The Outlook is now non-returnable. To prevent loss, therefore, newsdealers must limit their orders to actual sales. Buyers at news-stands may co-operate and avoid disappointment by giving their dealer a standing order for the weekly delivery of The Outlook.

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## ABOUT SUBMARINES

Mr. Mark Sullivan, the editor of "Collier's Weekly," in a recent article in that journal, said:

When a party of Americans, who had lately arrived in London, called on Admiral Sims one day in September, the Admiral was in a jocular mood. "Well," he said, "how many submarines did you see on the way over? You saw just hundreds of them, didn't you? There were so many that they almost scraped the paint off the sides of your boat, didn't they?"

And then the Admiral made us all guess how many German submarines there were in the Atlantic Ocean. Anybody else who tried the same thing on his uninformed friends could have got as much amusement out of it as the Admiral did. We all guessed anywhere from seventy-five to two hundred. The Admiral referred to some official figures and informed us that during the twelve days we had been on the ocean the total number of German submarines in the ocean was exactly nine. And he informed us further that during the entire period of submarine warfare nine had been the average, sometimes a few more and sometimes a few less. The highest number ever out at one time was sixteen. Later on, in a room at the London offices of the American Navy Department, we saw a huge map covering one side of the room, in which the position of each German submarine each day was marked by a pin, and the submarines' courses were routed with lines of red dots. When the war began, the Germans had about forty submarines. During the course of the war they built about two hundred and seventy more. Of these the Allies, in one way or another, destroyed or captured about a hundred and fifty; when the war ended, the Germans had been expected to give up one hundred and sixty; the revised armistice terms said "all." At the time of writing eighty-seven had surrendered.

It may be added that a despatch from Berlin says that Captain Persius, a well-known naval critic, states that Germany entered the war with 27 submarines and never had more than 149 at any one time.

## A SIOUX VICTORY DANCE

One of the most truly American of the many celebrations over peace took place at the Indian Agency at Fort Yates, North Dakota, when the Sioux, on November 30, performed, according to ritual, their old-time Victory Dance. This was the first performance of it since that far-off day when they celebrated the victory of Sitting Bull and Gall over Custer. In the speeches which were interspersed between the parts of this aboriginal dance one speaker returned thanks to the Great Spirit for the victory over "barbarism such as the Indians never heard of before." Singularly free was the tenor of their utterances from reversion to savage or revengeful appeals. One speaker said of the enemy, "Let them put away their barbarism and then we will give their nation its old place by the sacred camp-fire of the nations, and we will give them food according to the sacred custom of our father to be merciful to a conquered enemy." This dance will probably never again be executed save in the event of the United States winning another war, for the prowess of the Indian is henceforth volitionally identified with that of the white citizen.

FANNIE B. WILLIAMS.

United States Indian Service.

# There's a Film on Your Teeth

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Dentists call it bacterial plaque, because millions of germs breed in it. Those germs, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

## Must Combat It

Scientists have long sought some way to combat that film. A dentist removes it when he scours your teeth, but it comes right back. So millions of teeth brushed daily still discolor and decay.

Now a film remover has been found which seems to solve this problem. Able authorities have proved it by four years of clinical tests. A very large number of leading dentists have now tried it and approved it. It is evident now that this invention means much to everyone. In every home it should displace the inefficient tooth pastes. So we offer you a One-

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# The Secret of Being a Convincing Talker

How I Learned It in One Evening

By GEORGE RAYMOND

"HAVE you heard the news about Frank Jordan?"

This question quickly brought me to the little group which had gathered in the center of the office. Jordan and I had started with the Great Eastern Machinery Co., within a month of each other, four years ago. A year ago Jordan was taken into the accounting division and I was sent out as salesman. Neither of us was blessed with an unusual amount of brilliancy, but we "got by" in our new jobs well enough to hold them.

Imagine my amazement, then, when I heard:

"Jordan's just been made Treasurer of the Company!"

I could hardly believe my ears. But there was the "Notice to Employees" on the bulletin board, telling about Jordan's good fortune.

Now I knew that Jordan was a capable fellow, quiet and unassuming, but I never would have picked him for any such sudden rise. I knew, too, that the Treasurer of the Great Eastern had to be a big man, and I wondered how in the world Jordan landed the place.

The first chance I got I walked into Jordan's new office and after congratulating him warmly, I asked him to let me "in" on the details of how he jumped ahead so quickly. His story is so intensely interesting that I am going to repeat it as closely as I remember.



FREDERICK HOUK LAW

As educator, lecturer, executive, traveler and author few men are so well equipped by experience and training as Dr. Law to teach the art of effective speaking. His "Mastery of Speech" is the fruit of 20 years' active lecturing and instruction in Eastern schools and colleges preceded by an education at Oxford Academy, Amherst College, Columbia University, The Teachers College, Brown University, and New York University. He holds the degrees of A.B., A.M., and Ph.D.

Dr. Law is the author of two novels, two books of poetry, and editor of six school textbooks. At present he is lecturer in English in New York University, Lecturer in Pedagogy in the Extension Work of the College of the City of New York, head of the Dept. of English in the Stuyvesant H. S., and writer of the Weekly Lesson Plans for The Independent.

"I'll tell you just how it happened, George, because you may pick up a pointer or two that will help you.

"You remember how scared I used to be whenever I had to talk to the chief? You remember how you used to tell me that every time I opened my mouth I put my foot into it, meaning of course that every time I spoke I got into trouble? You remember when Ralph Sinton left to take charge of the Western office and I was asked to present him with the loving cup the boys gave him, how flustered I was and how I couldn't say a word because there were people around? You remember how confused I used to be every time

I met new people? I couldn't say what I wanted to say when I wanted to say it; and I determined that if there was any possible chance to learn how to talk I was going to do it.

"The first thing I did was to buy a number of books on public speaking, but they seemed to be meant for those who wanted to become orators, whereas what I wanted to learn was not only how to speak in public but how to speak to individuals under various conditions in business and social life.

"A few weeks later, just as I was about to give up hope of ever learning how to talk interestingly, I read an announcement stating that Dr. Frederick Houk Law, of New York University, had just completed a new course in business talking and public speaking entitled 'Mastery of Speech.' The course was offered on approval without money in advance, so since I had nothing whatever to lose by examining the lessons, I sent for them and in a few days they arrived. I glanced through the entire eight lessons, reading the headings and a few paragraphs here and there, and in about an hour the whole secret of effective speaking was opened to me.

"For example, I learned why I had always lacked confidence, why talking had always seemed something to be dreaded whereas it is really the simplest thing in the world to 'get up and talk.' I learned how to secure complete attention to what I was saying and how to make everything I said interesting, forceful and convincing. I learned the art of listening, the value of silence, and the power of brevity. Instead of being funny at the wrong time, I learned how and when to use humor with telling effect.

"But perhaps the most wonderful thing about the lessons were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making oral reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right way and a wrong way to present complaints, to give estimates, and to issue orders.

"I picked up some wonderful pointers about how to give my opinions, about how to answer complaints, about how to ask the bank for a loan, about how to ask for extensions. Another thing that struck me forcibly was that, instead of antagonizing people when I didn't agree with them, I learned how to bring them around to my way of thinking in the most pleasant sort of way. Then, of course, along with those lessons there were chapters on speaking before large audiences, how to find material for talking and speaking, how to talk to friends, how to talk to servants, and how to talk to children.

"Why, I got the secret the very first evening and it was only a short time before I was able to apply all of the principles and found that my words were beginning to have an almost magical effect upon everybody to whom I spoke. It seemed that I got things done instantly, where formerly, as you know, what I said 'went in one ear and out of the other.' I began to acquire an executive ability that surprised me. I smoothed out difficulties like a true diplomat. In my talks with the chief I spoke clearly, simply, convincingly. Then came my first promotion

since I entered the accounting department. I was given the job of answering complaints, and I made good. From that I was given the job of making collections. When Mr. Buckley joined the Officers' Training Camp, I was made Treasurer. Between you and me, George, my salary is now \$7,500 a year and I expect it will be more from the first of the year.

"And I want to tell you sincerely, that I attribute my success solely to the fact that I learned how to talk to people."

\*\*\*\*\*

When Jordan finished, I asked him for the address of the publishers of Dr. Law's Course and he gave it to me. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he had stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to sell to people who had previously refused to listen to me at all. After four months of record breaking sales during the dull season of the year, I received a wire from the chief asking me to return to the home office. We had quite a long talk in which I explained how I was able to break sales records—and I was appointed Sales Manager at almost twice my former salary. I know that there was nothing in me that had changed except that I had acquired the ability to talk where formerly I simply used "words without reason." I can never thank Jordan enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking. Jordan and I are both spending all our spare time making public speeches on war subjects and Jordan is being talked about now as Mayor of our little Town.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, publishers of "Mastery of Speech," Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how you can, in one hour, learn the secret of speaking and how you can apply the principles of effective speech under all conditions, that they are willing to send you the Course on free examination.

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# The Outlook

JANUARY 8, 1919

## THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS

WITH their usual practical good sense, the British people have indorsed, as we believed they would, Prime Minister Lloyd George and his Coalition War Administration. The surprise of the election consists in the unprecedented majority with which Lloyd George has been supported.

In an article in *The Outlook* of November 27 Mr. Frank Dilnot, correspondent in America of the "Daily Chronicle," of London, in considering the issues and probabilities of the election, said:

So far as one can see at the present moment, the political camps will thus be three: the Lloyd George gathering, the Liberal group, and the Labor party. Which is to be predominant? That apparently is the question, and it can be solved only, first of all, by the character of the issues which are to be evolved by the peace years to come, and, secondly, by the mobilization of the people tried under the furnace of war with their eyes on new vistas.

The election has proved that Lloyd George and his views are predominant. The British people have taken their first opportunity to approve unmistakably Lloyd George's policies in the prosecution of the war, and they have taken the same opportunity to put their stamp of disapproval upon those who were visionary, weak-hearted, pacifist, or obstructionist in the prosecution of the war.

Ex-Prime Minister Asquith was defeated for a seat in Parliament because somehow he was believed to be out of sympathy with those who advocated prosecuting the war to "unconditional surrender." The pacifists, such as Philip Snowden, Ramsay Macdonald, and notably Arthur Henderson—the latter being the spokesman in England of the movement to organize labor on an international basis—were almost ignominiously beaten at the polls.

In other words, the British people have seen but one fundamental issue in the war—the conflict between the Prussian doctrine that might makes right on the one hand, and civil liberty on the other. They have had, and still have, no use for those dilettante or theoretical political philosophers who think that when wild beasts and savages are attacking women and children in their homes is a peculiarly appropriate time to sit down and academically discuss love for animals and universal brotherhood of mankind.

This is not to say that the Lloyd George party is uninterested in social

justice and reconstruction. On the contrary, it stands sponsor for a social programme broader and more far-reaching than any which the British people have yet undertaken to carry out. The huge majority which backs Lloyd George will greatly aid him in putting this programme into effect.

There is one outstanding lesson in the British election for American political leaders. Let their candidates and platforms rest upon records of an unswerving determination to win the war. Judged by such a test, James R. Mann, who has been spoken of as Republican candidate for Speaker of the House of Representatives, ought to be overwhelmed by as large and adverse a vote cast by his party colleagues as that which laid low Mr. Asquith and Mr. Henderson.

## THE PRESIDENT IN ENGLAND

The first visit to Great Britain of a President of the United States during his term of office has been a historical event. It was so regarded by the King, the people, and the press. The warmth and cordiality of the greeting to President Wilson were unmistakable. England knows how to do these things well. The ceremonial receptions and banquets at Buckingham Palace, at the Guildhall, and elsewhere, were memorable in brilliance and impressiveness. The crowds in the streets of London, the greetings in Manchester, in the little town of Carlisle, where President Wilson's mother was born, and everywhere that the President and Mrs. Wilson appeared, were beyond question spontaneous.

The addresses made by the President, whether formal or informal, were (as they were sure to be) in excellent taste and admirably expressed. Perhaps the most definite of the utterances as regards Mr. Wilson's view and purpose at the Peace Conference was that in the Guildhall speech in which he laid emphasis on the need of abolishing the old "balance of power" plan and in its place establishing "a single, overwhelming, powerful group of nations." This is a clear indication of a belief that the League of Nations idea should be written into the Peace Treaty rather than be left for discussion after the Peace Treaty is signed. This is the opposite doctrine to that held by Senator Lodge and Senator Knox. In the statement made in Paris on December 29 by the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Pichon, the principle of the League

of Nations was formally approved; full publicity in the Peace Conference and the right to fix the Alsace-Lorraine frontiers were also declared to be France's policy, and the declaration was made that "intervention in Russia is inevitable," although for the present defensive rather than offensive intervention.

Naturally, nothing definite has been made public as to the lines taken in the exchange of views between President Wilson, the English Prime Minister, and other English leaders. It is certain that the discussion was free and wide in scope, and the President has himself said in effect that he was astonished to find how very closely together his mind and the minds of the English statesmen accorded.

In replying to the address of welcome made by King George at the banquet in Buckingham Palace, President Wilson said:

I have had the privilege, sir, of conferring with the leaders of your own Government and with the spokesmen of the Governments of France and of Italy. And I am glad to say that I have the same conceptions that they have of the significance and scope of the duty on which we have met.

We have used great words. All of us have used the great words "right" and "justice," and now we are to prove whether or not we understand these words, and how they are to be applied to the particular settlements which must conclude this war.

And we must not only understand them, but we must have the courage to act upon our understanding.

Yet after I have uttered the word "courage" it comes into my mind that it would take more courage to resist the great moral tide now running in the world than to yield to it, than to obey it.

There is a great tide running in the hearts of men. The hearts of men have never beaten so singularly in unison before. Men have never before been so conscious of their brotherhood. Men have never before realized how little difference there was between right and justice in one latitude and in another, under one sovereignty and under another.

## THE PRESIDENT AT CHURCH

One of the simplest and yet—perhaps because of its unaffected simplicity—one of the most impressive addresses which President Wilson has made in Europe was that which he gave in the Lowther Street Congregational Church at Carlisle, on the borders of Scotland, on Sunday, December 29—the church with which the name of his maternal grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Woodrow, is closely and

affectionately associated. The President is named for this grandfather. After the present incumbent of the church had preached his sermon he asked Mr. Wilson to say a few words. The Associated Press despatch describing the scene says: "President Wilson hesitated a moment and then answered 'Yes, sir,' and walked to a place in front of the choir, where he spoke briefly. The President was visibly affected when he resumed his seat after his address."

The President first paid a tribute to his grandfather and then said:

There is another reason why I was reluctant to speak. The feelings excited in me to-day are really too intimate and too deep to permit of public expression. The memories that have come of the mother who was born here are very affecting. Her quiet character, her sense of duty, and her dislike of ostentation have come back to me with increasing force as these years of duty have accumulated.

Yet perhaps it is appropriate that in a place of worship I should acknowledge my indebtedness to her and her remarkable father, because, after all, what the world now is seeking to do is to return to the paths of duty, to turn from the savagery of interests to the dignity of the performance of right.

I believe, as this war has drawn nations temporarily together in a combination of physical force, we shall now be drawn together in a combination of moral force that is irresistible. It is moral force as much as physical force that has defeated the effort to subdue the world. Words have cut as deep as swords.

The knowledge that wrong has been attempted has aroused the nations. They have gone out like men for a crusade. No other cause could have drawn so many of the nations together. They knew an outlaw was abroad and that the outlaw purposed unspeakable things.

It is from quiet places like this all over the world that the forces are accumulated that presently will overpower any attempt to accomplish evil on a great scale. It is like the rivulet that gathers into the river and the river that goes to the sea. So there come out of communities like these streams that fertilize the conscience of men, and it is the conscience of the world we now mean to place upon the throne which others tried to usurp.

The President has here made—perhaps quite unconsciously but nevertheless very beautifully—an inspiring suggestion to those who are wondering what is to be the place and function of the church in the new world. May not the churches be the "quiet places" where, free from antagonisms and polemical discussions of creeds, men and women may associate together in that worship and meditation which is the real food of spiritual life?

#### CONTENDING ELEMENTS IN GERMANY

It is impossible to form a plausible forecast as to the probable outcome of the political chaos in Germany. This is

shown by the fact that one day lately despatches stated that it was practically certain that the Liebknecht or Spartacus element was in the ascendant, and that a new committee was to supplant the Ebert government, with Liebknecht and other radicals among its leaders; while on the next day we learned that Ebert was still at the head of the government, but that the three Independent Socialists, Haase and Barth and Dittmann, had retired. Finally, it is announced, as we write, that the Majority Socialists are to form a new government "with the assistance of the Liberal Bourgeoisie."

The bloodshed in Berlin on Christmas Day grew out of the refusal of revolutionary sailors to obey officers representing the Ebert government. For a time the situation was serious, but in the end the sailors were pacified after it was announced that, if necessary, Hindenburg would march troops loyal to the present self-constituted government to subdue any opposition in Berlin.

In the opinion of many, the Liebknecht partisans and the other radical Socialists are the only out-and-out opponents of the war to be found among the Socialists. On the other hand, there is fear lest if they obtain power they may misuse it as the Bolsheviks have done in Russia. Liebknecht's own attitude as to Socialism and absolutism may be found in the eloquent speeches made by him since the beginning of the war, which with unusually happy timeliness have just been published in a book called "The Future Belongs to the People" (Macmillan). One sentence may be quoted from the brief speech Liebknecht was allowed to make in the Reichstag in December, 1914, when he was the only member of that body who dared to vote against the imperial war budget. He said: "As a protest against the war, against those who are responsible for it and who have caused it, against those who direct it, against the capitalist purposes for which it is being used, against plans of annexation, against the violation of the neutrality of Belgium and Luxemburg, against unlimited rule of martial law, against the total oblivion of social and political duties of which the Government and classes are still guilty, I vote against the war credits demanded."

#### HONOR TO THE AMERICAN NAVY

A hearty and heartfelt welcome met our squadron of battleships returned from the gray and chill North Sea after a long term of strenuous watch and service. Few of those who saw these monsters of sea warfare emerge one by one through the mist of the Narrows and move alertly yet majestically up the North River in line of even distances will ever forget that sight.

Comparatively few Americans were

able to take part in the personal welcome for ships, men, and officers, even although Fifth Avenue was almost dangerously packed with the crowds who cheered the march of the bluejackets. But every one can, and should, read Admiral Rodman's eloquent and thrilling unofficial account of the service of our battleships and destroyers with the British Grand Fleet. Rarely does such an account appeal so strongly to the imagination. One hopes that it will be printed in permanent form and widely distributed.

Admiral Rodman tells us that under Admiral Beatty, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet, "a natural-born, tried, trusted, and gallant leader," our force of warships designated as the Sixth Battle Squadron worked as an integral part of the Grand Fleet without hitch or friction, just as American army divisions fought as units under Haig and Mangin. It was one of the two "fast wings" of the fleet and served either as head or rear squadron in battle formation. On one occasion the German fleet was all but lured into action, and on that day, if the action had been fought, our battleships would have been in the van. But the Germans fled!

There was a good and sufficient reason, says Admiral Rodman, why our battleships were needed as well as the destroyers which were first sent over and which did such splendid service. What it was he does not say; but the work was done, and done with instant readiness and with such maintaining of efficiency that the ships could start to-day to steam around the world, ready for action. What such service means may be indicated by an extract from this stirring sea tale:

It would be superfluous to go into the details of our operations in the North Sea, or to mention the rigorous climate, when the latitude is north of Sitka in Alaska, or about equal to that of Petrograd in Russia; or the terrific weather, the cold, sleet, snow, ice, and heavy seas; the arduous and dangerous navigation, the continuous cruising in close formation at high speed, without lights, where the winter nights lasted eighteen hours, or the dangers of mine fields—our own, sometimes, as well as those of the enemy—or the repeated attacks of hostile submarines on our battleships, and the never-ending readiness and vigilance of the whole fleet to put to sea on all but instant notice.

Let it be sufficient to say that during our absence of a year there was no other condition than that of constant and continuous readiness for action. There was no liberty or leave worth mentioning; no one allowed away from the ships after dark, nor for a period longer than four hours, and then only in the immediate vicinity of the ship, in signal or telephone communications, subject to recall.

All ships were completely closed and darkened from sunset to sunrise as a precaution against air and other attacks; in winter this meant from fifteen to

# CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

*Kirby in the New York World*



"I HAVE TO REPORT THE JOB IS DONE, SIR"

THE NAVY'S WORK FINISHED; THE ARMY STILL ON GUARD

*From the San Francisco Chronicle*

Chorus



THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

*Morris in the Brooklyn Citizen*



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GERMANY'S LAST HOPE

TRYING TO SLIP IN SOME KNOCKOUT DROPS

*From Nebelspalter, Zurich, Switzerland*



THE FLOWERS OF SPRING

Spirit of the Times: "Ah, they are coming up, one after another!"

THE NEW REPUBLICS ARE SOON TO BLOOM

eighteen hours per day. This, in all but an Arctic climate, was one of our many hardships. But there was no complaint. On the other hand, every one seemed happy and contented and all eager to go to sea every time the occasion demanded in the hopes that we would meet the Hun fleet and engage it.

When the final history of America's part in the great war is written, a stirring chapter will be devoted to deeds of our destroyers and battleships.

#### THE DIFFICULTIES OF A EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT

We have already announced that Mr. Ernest Hamlin Abbott and Mr. Gregory Mason, of the editorial staff of *The Outlook*, will give us a series of articles from the other side of the Atlantic on the progress of events at the Peace Conference and in Germany. One letter from Mr. Abbott appeared in our issue of December 25. Next week we shall print the first of Mr. Mason's articles, entitled "How America Finished." In the same mail with Mr. Mason's staff correspondence came a personal letter from Mr. Abbott, dated Paris, December 10. It was not intended for publication, but it so vividly describes some of the trials of a special correspondent in Europe at this time that we think the following extracts will interest our readers:

"For six weeks I have been whirling through England, Ireland, Scotland, and France. I have been hearing so many things and seeing so much that my mind is dizzy. I meant to keep a diary, and have written it in part, but I had no time to keep it up. I have, however, notes and memoranda, some of them made while riding at twenty to fifty miles an hour by automobile, and I have some ineffaceable impressions which I have needed no notes for. . . .

"Can you imagine anybody capable of forming a coherent picture out of a kaleidoscope? Well, imagine making anything orderly out of a combination of the port of London, Sinn Feiners, a blind asylum, shipyards, the Lord Mayor's show, the flotilla of American destroyers, banquets with Lord Provosts and Lord Mayors, the British fleet, a château in France, desolated Ypres, miles of ruins, acres of rubbish that once were villages, dugouts, trenches, wire entanglements, French Protestant Committees, a visit with T. in his hospital, a walk through a deserted city at night—and I don't know what else. That's only a little part of the list that I might make. It has meant starting out at nine o'clock in the morning and finishing (and being finished!) at I don't know what o'clock—anywhere from ten to two at night. When the whirl came to an end last Saturday evening, I went to bed at eleven at night and slept, with only one intermission of a half-hour, until two the

next afternoon, and went to sleep again after a nap or two at half-after midnight, and woke up finally on Monday afternoon at one. . . .

"I received your cable asking me to get in touch with Mason. I had already looked him up. He had anticipated your request. In some respects the lid is screwed down tighter here now than when the fighting was on. Mason is making arrangements which I hope and believe will work out satisfactorily. . . .

"Communications are very irregular. It took three weeks for one of your cables to Mason to come through. Yesterday, December 9, I got a letter from L. dated November 18; to-day I got a letter from M. dated November 2.

"In both England and France President Wilson is the object of adoration. What he says is canonical. No one thinks of disputing his statements. Everybody claims to be a true disciple. The Conservatives say, 'Join us, for we are the pure Wilsonians.' The Liberals say, 'No, join us, for we are the trustworthy interpreters of the Wilsonian word.' Each gives his own interpretation. The fact that all claim to be disciples of the one master does not mean that they agree with one another. The difficulty is going to arise, I think, when the teaching that all accept comes to be applied to concrete cases."

#### THE DEATH OF CHANCELLOR McCracken

Dr. Henry Mitchell McCracken, Chancellor Emeritus of New York University, died in Florida on December 24, in his seventy-eighth year.

New York University was established in 1830, and for many years its white stone semi-Gothic building on Washington Square was one of the landmarks of the city. In its early days some distinguished names were connected with its scientific courses—those, for instance, of its two professors, Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, and Dr. John Draper, who, as a distinguished chemist, did much to develop the new art of photography. From the time of the Civil War until the middle '80s the institution for various reasons fell into the doldrums and made little progress. Finally Dr. Henry McCracken, who had left a Presbyterian pastorate in Ohio to become Chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh, was called to the chair of philosophy of the University. In 1891 he became its Chancellor, and under his headship, 1891-1910, New York University grew with rapidity and solidity. Its site was moved to the upper part of the city, the number of its students increased from about a hundred to over four thousand, and its property and plant rose from a valuation of half a million to over

five millions. Such a work of administration is monumental, and Chancellor McCracken will long and deservedly be remembered as a courageous and tireless pioneer and builder in the educational history of the country. His two sons are carrying on his work.

#### NEWS AS A COMMODITY

News is a commodity; it may be bought and sold; it may be stolen; it may be used without the owner's consent, and for such misuse damages may be claimed.

This was the public point of interest in the decision just rendered by the United States Supreme Court in a case brought by the Associated Press against the International News Service.

This ownership of news may exist altogether apart from any copyright ownership. To illustrate: If the agent of one news company is fortunate enough, say, to see the Kaiser fall off a Dutch dike, and rushes to a wire and cables the news to his company, then if another company's agent bribes the cable operator to sell that piece of news before it is published, the second company is guilty of news larceny. But after the news is printed and sold every one has a right to spread the information. If the special literary form of the story is properly copyrighted, that right, of course, must not be infringed.

It is not the fact, but the news of the fact, that is a commodity. Every one who should see the interesting occurrence we have imagined would have an equal right to publish the news. And a thing which is news, and valuable news, at three o'clock in the morning may not be news at all at five o'clock.

In the case decided the Court pointed out that for a news company to make commercial use of news taken from early editions or bulletin boards or secretly divulged by its rival's agents, is an unauthorized merchandising of property belonging to that rival, and an interference with its legitimate business.

It is also a mean and contemptible practice.

#### WORK FOR RETURNING SOLDIERS

Soldiers are being discharged from the Army daily by the thousands. The military authorities must effect these discharges on a military basis without regard to the industrial needs of the men or of the communities where they have formerly lived. Many of the discharged soldiers who lost their civilian jobs a year or more ago do not know just which way to turn for re-employment. Farm workers are being released at a season when agricultural work is at its lowest ebb. The confusion is increased by the necessary

discharge of mechanics and other wage-workers from industries that have been doing Government war work. The result is that during the next two or three months there will be in this country an acute and serious period of labor readjustment. Individual employers and corporations will undoubtedly deal with it as generously as they can, but co-ordination is necessary to make the work effective.

This co-ordination the Department of Labor at Washington is endeavoring to supply. Mr. Smyth, the assistant director of the Employment Service of the Department of Labor, with the approval of the Army authorities, is sending representatives to Army camps and posts to furnish information to the troops in process of demobilization which will facilitate the securing of suitable civil employment. Information will in this way be given to the men concerning the various opportunities for work; concerning the number and qualifications of the men who are needed in various industries and localities throughout the country; concerning the wages to be paid; and concerning housing and other conditions of living. The commanding officers are to see that all this information is furnished by means of bulletin boards as well as by personal interviews, instruction, and the advice given by the Employment Service representatives.

It will also offer similar aid by working through civil organizations, such as the State and County Councils of National Defense, Mayors' Committees, Draft Boards, Labor Unions, Chambers of Commerce, Boards of Trade, and other local organizations. The Government Employment Service will act as a center of information.

Those who are interested in the problem of readjusting the returning soldier to civil and industrial life may obtain full information by addressing the Employment Service in the Department of Labor at Washington.

#### MAKE MEMORY MATCH GRATITUDE

An American girl who is mothering a regiment in her Y. M. C. A. hut in France wrote home not long after the signing of the armistice:

My boys think of nothing and talk of nothing but home and the welcome that is in store for them. They count so much on the bands and the parties that will greet them when they return. But I am afraid that after the first ship-loads have been met with flags and music we Americans are going to forget that the late-comers are deserving of the same expression of our National enthusiasm and gratitude. My boys have all offered their lives for our country. Will you please help to prove to them that republics are not ungrateful?

Will you?

## A SHINING MARK

THE Young Men's Christian Association was organized in London in 1844 by four or five young men for the purpose of seeing what could be done for the benefit of the clerks of that great metropolis. In the seventy-five years of its existence it has grown to be, both in the extent and in the variety of its work, the largest Protestant organization in the world. It has passed through a variety of experiences and has suffered some of the diseases to which young and growing organizations are almost inevitably subject. But despite these experiences it has steadily grown, not only in numbers, in material, equipment, and extent of world territory covered, but also in practical wisdom, in spiritual earnestness, and in catholicity of temper.

At the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War, in 1904, it offered its services, through the President of the Japanese Y. M. C. A., to the Japanese army, and carried on its beneficent work for nearly two years with such success as to win from the Japanese Minister of War an official expression of heartfelt thanks. This proved to be a preparatory training for the larger opportunity opened before it by the outbreak of the great World War.

Two years and a half before America had awakened to its duty the Y. M. C. A. had entered the military field. By January 1, 1915, five months after Germany had crossed the Belgian border, the Y. M. C. A. had its headquarters in practically every prison camp in Europe. It had overcome the prejudices of the prisoners—men of different languages, nationalities, and creeds—the reluctance of officers to allow any non-military organization within the camps, the inertia, indifference, and sometimes hostility of the Governments themselves, and, in other than prison camps, the bitter hostility of the keepers of drinking places and worse resorts just outside the camp limits.

When America entered the war, the Y. M. C. A. work took on a new direction and new proportions. In December, 1917, eight months after America's declaration of war, the Y. M. C. A. had more than sixteen hundred Y stations within the war zone and more than four hundred so-called "huts" in the home camps. These huts are either tents or wooden structures built after the fashion of the barracks which they adjoin. They have served five distinct functions. They have been social clubs where the boys could meet for conversation, read books and magazines provided for them, write letters, get postage stamps, give their money to the attendant secretary as a kind of local banker to keep for them or forward to their homes, and incidentally buy such luxuries as tobacco, chewing gum, and

chocolate. They have been recreation halls where games could be played, moving pictures exhibited, and other entertainments furnished, such as could be managed in camp life. Some American vaudeville performers have given their services to the Y. M. C. A. for this purpose. They have been athletic clubs, from which athletic goods mounting up in value to hundreds of thousands of dollars have been given away. A single consignment sent from Brooklyn in the fall of 1917 was reported in The Outlook of September 26, 1917, as including five tons of milk chocolate, ten folding organs, one hundred moving-picture machines, one hundred talking machines with five thousand records, five thousand baseballs with baseball gloves and baseball bats to match, twenty thousand Testaments and ten thousand hymn-books. These huts have also been schools, where not only has the English language been taught to foreigners, but other modern languages have been taught to English-speaking men, and vocational education has been furnished by experienced teachers, that the boys might find themselves, when the war was over, fitted to compete with their home comrades. The instructors and superintendents of this educational work have included not only teachers from private schools and principals of high schools, but several college presidents. Finally, these huts have been centers of religious activity, and have been made available for the religious services not only of all Protestant churches, but of the Roman Catholics, the Greeks, and the Jews.

Most of the workers abroad—there have been seven thousand in the foreign field, how many in the home camps we do not know—have been volunteers. But the Association has provided for their subsistence and other expenses, for the travel of the men and the transportation of the supplies, and also for the home expenses of those who depended on the fathers, brothers, and husbands abroad. The amounts thus paid have been less per capita than those paid to officers in the Army, but they have run up into several millions. In short, it is doubtful whether any Christian work of such complexity, magnitude, extent, and difficulty has ever before been known in the world's history.

Such a work cannot be carried on by such a variety of volunteers without some mistakes and also some unjust and unfathered accusations. It has been charged:

(1) That the Y. M. C. A. has given little thought to its selection of men for overseas service. In fact, the qualifications of all men sent by the Y. M. C. A. for overseas service have been inquired into both by the Association and by the Government before any appointment has been made.

(2) That men of draft age have escaped

the draft by entering the work of the Y. M. C. A. In fact, with a few exceptions at the beginning of the war, the Y. M. C. A. has been confined to the selection of men who, because of age or physical conditions, were not thought by the War Department to be fitted for military service.

(3) That the Y. M. C. A. has failed to keep in touch with the wounded and ill. In fact, to avoid duplication of effort overseas, the Association agreed with the American Red Cross that the Red Cross should care for the wounded and the ill and the Y. M. C. A. for the well.

(4) That the Y. M. C. A. workers have not gone to the front lines, but have avoided the posts of danger. It is true that necessarily much of the work of the Y. M. C. A. has been done in enlistment camps at home or in rest camps or prison camps at the rear. But wherever there was work which they could do at the front without interfering with the military expedition, there they have been found. In the Argonne fight there were seven hundred Y. M. C. A. secretaries, fifty of whom were women canteen workers, attached to the different fighting units with which they remained in the danger zone and frequently under shell-fire during the entire offensive. Since the Y. M. C. A. went overseas to serve the American Expeditionary Forces, nine of its workers have been killed by shell-fire, twenty-nine seriously gassed or wounded, thirty-one have died in the service, chiefly as a result of exposure and overwork, and ten have been cited for bravery or decorated.

(5) The most important charge against the Association is that it has been making money by its canteen sales to the soldiers. Into this charge Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick has made an investigation and says: "At General Pershing's request I went into this matter thoroughly, and the report is absolutely without foundation." To this statement we add the following official report which we have received from the Y. M. C. A. headquarters:

The unfavorable impression that the Association charges unreasonably high prices is due to two things. First, the actual and unavoidable high cost of things the Association sells in France. Second, goods sent from this country for our work abroad have been subject to a charge of from one to five dollars per cubic foot for ocean transport alone. American goods which we have purchased abroad have been subject to this charge, plus the French import duty. The soldier has compared our selling price of goods subject to these charges with the Quartermaster's selling price of goods purchased by the United States Government in vast quantities, often before the United States entered the war, which were transported to France on Government transports and against which, so far as we know, the Govern-

ment makes no charge for overhead interest or freight. It was presumably because General Pershing thought it unwise to continue to operate the post exchange on the previous Government basis that the enterprise was turned over to the Young Men's Christian Association.

It is true that some gift tobacco sent to the Quartermaster for free distribution among the soldiers was not properly marked and was mistakenly sold by the Quartermaster to the Y. M. C. A., and in turn by the Y. M. C. A. to soldiers at the cost price paid by the Association to the Quartermaster. Later, when the soldiers came to open these parcels, they found in them evidence that they had been intended for free distribution; and in every case where these were returned to the Y. M. C. A. it furnished free an equivalent amount of tobacco from its own supplies.

Dr. John R. Mott, the distinguished head of the international work of the Y. M. C. A., has frankly met the criticisms by saying that the organization has nothing to conceal and by asking for an official investigation by the Government. The propriety of such an investigation, he feels, is found in the fact that the Y. M. C. A. is an official part of the American Expeditionary Forces abroad.

Twice the Y. M. C. A. work has been investigated by Dr. Joseph H. Odell on behalf of The Outlook, once in his visits to the home camps, once in his visits to the overseas camps, both fully reported in our columns.

There doubtless have been in the Y. M. C. A. individual instances of stupidity, inefficiency, lack of fidelity, and possibly of corrupt practice. But a great, working, human organization is to be judged, not by sporadic instances of individual incompetency, but by its entire character and total accomplishments. And we do not hesitate to say that it will be difficult to find any piece of work, commercial or philanthropic, of so large and difficult a nature, which has been conducted more honestly, wisely, and efficiently than the war work of the Y. M. C. A.

## MANY MEMBERS, ONE BODY

**H**OW to combine liberty and union has been one of the puzzles of history. In the Middle Ages the Church maintained union, but sacrificed liberty. The Church was one, but no member of the Church had liberty either in religious thought or in religious worship. Against this denial of liberty Luther protested. The Protestants won religious liberty but sacrificed union. The Star of Bethlehem was broken up into a great variety of asteroids. The right of private judgment destroyed the unity of the faith.

Nevertheless Daniel Webster's epi-

gram was not a mere bit of eloquent rhetoric. It is eternally true that liberty and union are one and inseparable.

There are just now two movements toward Church unity: one would unite all Christian churches with the one Roman Catholic Church; the other would unite all Protestant churches in one Free Church. The Catholic movement can succeed only by sacrificing religious liberty and religious thinking in order to secure union. The Protestant movement can succeed only by providing for the largest liberty both in religious worship and in religious thinking within the union.

Denominationalism is not a fracture of the Church, to be healed like a fractured limb by putting it in splints. It is the result of a perfectly healthful and righteous human desire. For that desire the lovers of union must provide or their labor will be in vain. It is the result partly of differences in temperament, partly of differences in opinion. These differences must find free play within the Church, or they must go outside the Church to find it.

The devout soul equable in temperament desires an equable expression for his emotions. Not subject to great variations in feeling, he does not desire great variations in ritual. That he is called on to confess his sins on the eighth of January in the same words in which he confessed them on the first of January is to him not objectionable. It is a help to his repentance to recall the fact that for a quarter of a century he has been using the same expression, and that his father and grandfather used it before him. It helps him also to reflect that many thousands of Christians are in the same language and at almost the same time giving expression to the same experience of penitence. The phrase, "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done, and there is no health in us," covers for him the whole field of human experience, and as he repeats it his mind sometimes dwells on the sins of commission, sometimes on the sins of omission, and sometimes on the secret evil motives out of which these sins have sprung. This gives to him all the variation of utterance his soul desires in public prayer.

But to the man of intense and fluctuating emotions this seems wholly inadequate. His emotions are suppressed, not expressed, by a form. The fact that this form has been used for centuries and is now being used by hundreds of Christian congregations does not, in his thought, add to its sacredness, but ossifies it. What inspires the Episcopalian worshiper stifles the Methodist worshiper. To the Methodist the ritual lacks spontaneity, and spontaneity seems to him the

very essence of worship. To the Episcopalian the extemporaneous prayer demands of the congregation alertness of mind, and quietude of mind appears to him essential to that converse with God which we call prayer.

The worship of the Methodist Church does not adequately meet the needs of the Episcopalian; the stately liturgy of the Episcopal Church does not adequately meet the needs of the Methodist; and neither of them can find in the silence of the Friends' Meeting an adequate expression for his penitence, his aspirations, or his praise. The heart of neither responds to Charles Lamb's invitation: "Dost thou love silence deep as that 'before the winds were made?' go not out into the wilderness; descend not into the profundities of the earth; shut not up thy casements; nor pour wax into the little cells of thy ears, with little-faith'd self-mistrusting Ulysses.—Retire with me into a Quakers' meeting."

A common form of worship can never be made the basis of Church unity. The Church of the future must find various methods of devotion by which to satisfy the emotional desires of men of different temperaments within the Church, or the men of different temperaments will go outside the Church to satisfy their various needs.

But there is no reason why there should be a separate church building and a separate church organization for every separate temperament. There is no reason why the same building should not serve for a Friends' Meeting at ten o'clock, a Presbyterian meeting at eleven o'clock, an Episcopal meeting at three o'clock, and a Methodist meeting at eight o'clock. The Church of the Army has made this clear. For, in the same hut of the Y. M. C. A., services of the Greek Church, the Roman Church, the Lutheran Church, and the Presbyterian Church have been held on successive days or at successive hours. In the seventeenth century men thought that the Great King could be approached only by conforming to a prescribed court etiquette. But who in this twentieth century thinks the heavenly Father can be approached by his children only in one fashion? The shepherds came to the manger empty-handed, the Wise Men came later to the house and with gifts. Who thinks that the one group of worshippers were more acceptable than the other?

The other cause of denominational division is differences in theological opinions. It is assumed that there is a certain system of truth which has been bequeathed to the Church from the Apostolic age, that to teach this system of truth is the function of the Church, and that therefore the common understanding and common acceptance of this system of truth is a necessary basis of Church

unity. And each denomination assumes that it possesses the system of faith once for all delivered to the Church, and that the rival denominations deny that faith.

In fact, the knowledge of the truth is not attained in this way. It is the reward of discovery. The raw material is given to us, and each one must weave the finished or unfinished product on his own loom. "I know in fragments and I prophesy in fragments," says Paul; "and when that which is perfect is come, that which is fragmentary shall be done away." That which is perfect has not yet come, and therefore that which is fragmentary is not yet done away. No denomination possesses the truth. Each denomination possesses a fragment of truth. And gradually, very gradually, we are piecing these fragments together.

The Calvinist said, God is an Absolute Sovereign, therefore man cannot be free; he lost his freedom in the Fall. The Wesleyan said, Man is a free moral agent, therefore God cannot be the Absolute Sovereign the Calvinists imagine him to be. How God can be a Sovereign Father who safeguards as their most precious possession the freedom of his children is a problem which theology has not yet solved. But we shall not possess the perfect truth until we have found the solution. God is a threefold Personality, said Orthodoxy; and said it in such phrasing that the laity came often dangerously near belief in three Gods. God is One, said protesting Unitarianism; and said it with such emphasis as to obscure, and even seem to deny, the threefold revelation of God in nature, in human history, and in human experience. If to-day Unitarians and Trinitarians are coming together, it is not because either is denying its faith, but because they modestly recognize the truth that their faith is a fragment. We are like children putting together a dissected map. Each brings his fragment. No one yet knows the whole.

And the benefit is not in knowing the whole, but in the process of putting the fragments together. For the function of the Church is not to teach the perfect truth, but to make the perfect man. And the process of questioning, doubting, investigating, discovering, analyzing, comparing, collating, combining, is what makes the man.

This was Paul's view:

And he gave some as apostles, and some as prophets, and some as evangelists, and some as pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the holy in the work of service, to the building up of the body of Christ, until we all come unto the unity of the faith and of the perfect knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect manhood, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.

The function of the Church is making Christ-like men; the method of making

Christ-like men is inspiring them to Christ-like service; and the instrument of the Church in making them is a great variety of teachers of different temperaments and filling different offices.

The unity of the Church will not be attained by providing a common liturgy and expecting all to conform to it. It will not be attained by providing a common creed so ambiguous that no one knows what it means, or so vague and so brief that no one cares. It will be attained, if it is attained at all, by liberty: liberty of worshipers to use whatever form of worship best suits their temperament and satisfies their desire for spiritual experience; liberty of thinkers to bring to the common stock whatever conviction their experience has bestowed upon them, and offering it to their fellows in a common endeavor to promote a divine life in the individual and to promote a divine order in society.

This was the method of the Apostolic churches. They were not one in their chosen form of government; some borrowed their government from Judaism and were Presbyterian, some from Greece and were Congregational, some from Rome and were Episcopalian. They were not one in their ritual; there is no indication that they possessed a common form of worship. They were not one in their theology. The only creed which the Apostolic writings contain is not theological. It is in the following words:

For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.

And this Apostolic method is the one pointed out to us by the course of events during the last four years. Men and women have come out from their various churches—Calvinists and Methodists, Congregationalists and Episcopalians, Protestants and Roman Catholics, Christians and Jews—united, not by a common creed or ritual, but by a common desire to do Christ-like work in an hour of human need, and accepting as a common symbol that Cross which is the symbol of the spirit of Jesus Christ—the spirit of love, service, and sacrifice.

These reflections have been suggested by an interesting conference which was held in Witherspoon Hall, Philadelphia, in December by representatives of a number of the Protestant evangelical churches in America, convened to consider the practicability of organic church union. All the leading Protestant denominations were represented in this Conference. The platform adopted recognizes the value of the existing Federal Council of the

Churches of Christ in America, but aims to go further in the quest for Christian unity. It aims to secure an organic union of all the evangelical Protestant churches. For this purpose provision was made for an Ad Interim Committee to prepare for a National Council of such churches to be convened not later than 1920, and to report a plan of union to such Council for its consideration. And in the platform the Conference describes in the following words the spirit in which it conceives the effort for church union must be carried on in order to be successful :

The Conference is profoundly solicitous that the effort for organic union shall have first regard to those forces of vital spiritual life which alone give meaning to our effort. No mechanical uniformity must be sought nor any form of organization which ignores or thwarts the free movement of the Spirit of God in the hearts of his servants.

In line with this desire the Conference hopes the Committee will be able to devise plans so broad and flexible as to make place for all the evangelical churches of the land whatever their outlook or tradition, temperament or taste, whatever their relationships racially or historically.

Protestant church union is already in a measure an accomplished fact in Japan. It is apparently approaching accomplishment in Canada. Foundations have been laid for it in the growing co-operation of all Protestant churches in their Christian missionary service in foreign lands. The Federal Council of the Churches may fitly be regarded as a harbinger of a more perfect union. And the action taken by so representative a body as that which has recently met in Philadelphia now brings fairly before the Protestant churches of the country the question whether the time may not be ripe for the union of "all who profess and call them-

selves Christians," bound together by no dogmatic or ecclesiastical bonds, but "in unity of spirit, in the bonds of peace, and in righteousness of life."

## THE PICNIC AT 6 A.M.

THE Happy Eremite slipped out of bed and tiptoed to the bathroom to dress. The house was silent. The Lady Eremite and the three little Eremites were still sound asleep. He looked out of the eastern window. The world outside was quite dark. Over the munition city that lay across the road of dawn the sky was still the unrelieved gray of a clouded heaven hiding somewhere a gibbous moon.

He opened the window and drew in the milk pitcher. He lighted the alcohol lamp.

The Happy Eremite was an early riser by inclination. He liked the silence of the hours of dawn, when the humming of the kettle on the kitchen stove was audible on the floor above, and the world of men outside seemed possessed only by two or three dogs barking antiphonally through the clear air of winter; he liked the sense of an amplitude of time ahead to do the thousand things which his conscience told him sharply he should have done weeks ago; he liked, above all else, his solitary cup of coffee.

There was something almost wicked in his passion for that cup of coffee. It wasn't the coffee itself, for the drink that he concocted over the alcohol flame was of that quality which the people of Saxony are said to produce and to cherish for its virtue, when spilled, of never making spots. It was possibly rather a delight, which the passing of the years seemed unable to quench, in anything resembling a picnic. Every night, when he brought

his cup and his pitcher of milk up from the kitchen, he felt, absurdly enough, a bit of the thrill he had felt as a boy on the eve of some promising excursion; every morning as he sat on the edge of the bathtub sipping the steaming drink he experienced a touch of the sense of unusual adventure he had known sipping from a tin cup on the edge of some fallen tree-trunk in tangled canyons in Colorado.

In some curious fashion, that early morning cup of coffee represented romance.

He turned off the electric light and pulled the shade. The woods, a hundred yards away, were still in obscurity, a shapeless mass asleep in a net of darkness, but, as he watched, the tall, slender trunks began to emerge, as the sky beyond by imperceptible degrees whitened. The wind wandered softly among them.

He sipped his coffee; it seemed to him unusually good.

He noticed now that the covering of cloud had vanished. A pink line began to glow over the munition city, broadening as though it were a ring of flames rising. The sky above it turned orange, fading through delicate lavender into deep pigeon-egg blue. Here and there were stars.

He sipped his coffee.

When he looked out into the east again an instant later, the brightness of the burning line had gone out in smoky mist that pursued the orange glow and swallowed it and pursued the robin's-egg blue and turned it into the commonplace sky-blue of day. Over the world spread the hard brightness of utilitarian light.

Creation's moment of magic beauty was over, and the Happy Eremite's picnic was over. He drank the last drop in his cup and took up the sober business of shaving.

## MR. McADOO'S PROPOSAL

### A POLL OF PUBLIC OPINION

MR. McADOO, Director-General of Railroads, has asked Congress to extend the period of Federal control until January 1, 1924, because of the following reasons :

1. The present session of Congress is too short to prepare adequate remedial legislation.

2. It is impracticable for the Government to operate the railways only for the statutory twenty-one months after peace has been signed.

3. Hence, unless the time is extended, the railways must promptly go back to private control.

4. A five-year term would give exposure to railway officials and employees, for it would offer the necessary opportunity, under proper conditions, to test the value of unified control.

5. The statutory period is too short to

permit the carrying out of a comprehensive programme of joint improvements.

6. It would put the credit of the United States back of the railways.

7. It would not necessarily mean Government ownership.

8. It would take the railways out of politics.

Comment from individuals and newspapers has been favorable or unfavorable quite irrespective of political affiliations. Let us consider these eight reasons :

#### I. REMEDIAL LEGISLATION

Explaining his chief's plan, Walker D. Hines, Assistant Director-General of Railroads, and a former chairman of the Atchison system, says :

Take some of the leading points that must be considered in a scheme of remedial legislation. Take the question as to

the extent to which there shall be State control. . . . There is the question of over-capitalization. . . . There is the further question whether it is expedient to continue to have in this country, say, one hundred different railroad companies conducting the public service. . . . How to bring about the transition of the present ownership by many corporations with a remarkable variety of different capital structures to new organizations with a new scheme of capitalization, and how to effect the exchange of the securities of the new company for the securities of the old . . . these are questions of the very greatest importance which cannot be decided without the most thorough consideration.

On the other hand, why legislate at this particular three months' session? inquire Republicans and Republican papers.

Why not have an extra session? Let the present Democratic Congress content itself with beginning an investigation, suggests the Boston "Transcript" (Rep.), and with an extra session of the new Congress, which will be Republican, "all can be done before 1920."

## II. IMPRACTICABLE OPERATION

As favorable to Mr. McAdoo, the New York "Sun" admits these three arguments:

The Government has not had a chance yet to show whether it can make a reasonable success out of its experiment. Even in the next two years there would not be time to prove the merits of Government operation one way or the other. . . . The present statutes governing the Director-General's powers are faulty.

While, the "Sun" says, "all these truths stand out big and startling before the eyes of everybody," it comments unfavorably as regards Mr. McAdoo, in adding that not a single conclusion of his is necessarily logical or lucid. It proceeds:

If Mr. McAdoo doesn't know now what this problem needs . . . the [new] Director-General of Railroads (whoever he may be) . . . will see this railway problem in a clearer light. . . . It may be possible then for the students of this problem . . . to make definite recommendations as to the legislation needed. . . . If they do, that will be the time to act. If they don't, the fact will be all the stronger proof that nothing should have been done before in doubt and ignorance.

## III. IMMEDIATE RETURN

No individual or newspaper seems to clamor for the immediate return of the railways. As the New York "Times" (Ind. Dem.) points out, "the great extension of expense due in large part to increased wages and higher fuel costs" will exceed by a round sum the increase of gross income, and points to a final net lower than the year before.

On the other hand, the Chicago "Tribune" (Rep.), in view of Mr. McAdoo's suggestion that "if no decision is reached he may be compelled to cut the Gordian knot by simply putting the roads back where he got them—with the owners—" inquires, "Does this settle anything?"

## IV. COMPOSURE

The composure of railway officials is affirmed, in the opinion of N. L. Amster, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Rock Island system, who says, as reported, that he is not in favor of extending Government control three years beyond the proposed time, preferring the adoption of a permanent plan as soon as possible, but rather than immediate return he would favor such extension in order to afford an opportunity to test the advantages of unification of operation. This expert opinion, says the Springfield "Republican" (Ind.), should be considered in conjunction with Mr. Hines's above quoted.

The composure of the employees is con-

firmed by the Baltimore "American" (Rep.):

There is one argument for the five-year period that has not been set forth. . . . The army of occupation . . . will not get back . . . inside of two years possibly, and events may make the period longer. It would be highly desirable to avoid the release of such bodies of men for the Nation's industries at the time that the Government would be unloading the railroads. For upon the latter occurring there will be a sharp drop in wages, with wage unrest.

On the other hand, the five-year proposal, proclaims the New York "Commercial and Financial Chronicle," has intensified differences instead of assuring "the composure of railroad officials for which Mr. McAdoo claims to be looking."

## V. A COMPREHENSIVE PROGRAMME

The "Wisconsin State Journal," reflecting the views of many people in the Central West, is convinced that "Mr. McAdoo is entirely wise in asking for the fair trial of a five-year period," and says:

Those who are eager to eliminate public control and the unification of our common carrier systems and bring them back to the competitive confusion with its duplication of energy and its multiplication of waste, are opposed to such a plan and contend that the year's trial proves the futility of Government operation of any common carrier system. It took years to build up these railroads under private ownership. It will take a few years to effect efficiency out of the confusion that must naturally result from the development of a more centralized business.

Are any of these critics advocating that the post office be turned over to as many private corporations as two years back hauled our post-office cars? "Rates have gone up and efficiency gone down," the opponents to public operation of railroads contend. Admit that the curves are as they picture. Your letter is delivered with as great efficiency in peace times as is your express package. . . .

On the other hand, some five hundred railway executives, representing 125 roads and 92 per cent of the mileage of the country, have published the following statement:

Mr. McAdoo's suggestion would simply lead to delay and confusion, demoralization of the organization of the roads, both on their corporate and operating sides, and defer indefinitely a satisfactory settlement. There is sufficient time under the term of the present Act fully to consider the railway situation in all its aspects and arrive at a plan which would be just to the country.

## VI. CREDIT

The question of Government credit doubtless moves the New York "New Republic" (Ind.) to say:

The interests of railway stockholders and bondholders would probably be safer under an extension of the existing agreement than they would under such arrangements for the return of the railways as are at present politically practicable.

On the other hand, another New York paper, the "Tribune" (Rep.), complains:

There is nothing the matter with our railroads now except that they need money and the freedom of opportunity to develop with the business needs of the Nation.

## VII. GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP

There are those who, the Hartford "Post" (Ind.) puts it, want "to bring about a transportation millennium by means of immediate public ownership." Thus Socialists are applauding, thinking that a step is gained. The Milwaukee "Leader" (Soc.) asserts that the railway problem will be solved "when the public owns and operates the roads—and not until then."

Other advocates of Government ownership, the New York "American," for instance, declare that Mr. McAdoo has shown "splendid good sense" in the plan to give public operation of the railways "at least a sporting chance to show what it can do under the easier peace conditions."

On the Pacific slope the Los Angeles "Express," speaking for many Californians, "would welcome a successful demonstration of a better and more efficient railway service under public ownership and operation. . . . It seems to offer the only sensible solution."

While Washington despatches report that "leaders of both the Republican and Democratic parties, and nearly every individual Senator of both parties, are opposed to granting any extension," "Commerce and Finance," of New York, points out nevertheless:

It is not entirely clear whether their opposition to granting an extension should be construed as opposition to the principle of Government ownership; more likely it springs from a disinclination to face the issue squarely at this time.

One of the Senators, Mr. Kellogg, Republican, of Minnesota, says, as reported:

The railways were taken over presumably by the Government for war purposes. It was denied at that time that they were taken over to make a test of Government ownership. Now Mr. McAdoo says he wants five years to make a test. A test for what purpose? Not a test for war purposes, but a test for Government ownership. That is the real bottom of the whole thing.

Mr. Kellogg then suggested that avoidance of an extra session of the new Congress was the real occasion of the proposal, and that, even if the people as a whole do not favor Government ownership, the Administration proposed to "put it over" just the same, under the guise of an extension to make a test of Government control. The Louisville "Courier-Journal" apparently agrees with the above, for it says:

There is such a virtual unanimity of comment that the issue made by Mr. McAdoo is not really whether we shall have an extension of the present period of Government operation, but whether we shall adopt Government

operation and ownership as a permanent policy. Both the popular impression and the thoughtful analysis of Mr. McAdoo's proposition unite on this interpretation.

#### VIII. POLITICS

Would the five-year term take the railways out of politics, as Mr. McAdoo asserts? Yes, if we may credit the Topeka "Capital" (Rep.), which thinks party politics not mixed in it, and the New York "Evening Post" (Ind.), which declares:

It would be difficult to rally the whole force of men employed on Government railroads, or telegraphs, and get them to vote solidly for one party as against another. It is notorious that the thing did not work that way in Germany. The men who worked on the state-owned railways always got an almost open order at the time of Reichstag elections to support candidates favored by the Government, but as regularly disregarded it and voted increasingly the Social-Democratic ticket. That kind of political insubordination might be expected to be even more marked and frequent among a people like our own, ill accustomed to the word of command.

No, asserts the Montgomery "Advertiser" (Dem.). "How can the question be removed from politics when the Director of Railroads announces, as he has, that wages of railroad workers would certainly not be reduced as long as the Government operated the railroads?" The Charleston, West Virginia, "Mail" (Ind. Rep.) objects that "the gross misuse by

the Administration of the 'adjournment of politics plea' causes grave suspicion when a member of that Administration suggests the idea of taking the railroads out of politics." As to this, the Des Moines, Iowa, "Capital" explains:

The Administration is so partisan that one can scarcely know when they are talking for the public welfare or for partisan advantage. . . . We are opposed to Government ownership of railroads and telegraphs for the reason that this country has all the politics it can stand. . . . If any political party were in control of the Government and then that control should be supplemented by the control of all the railway, telegraph, and telephone employees, it would be impossible to have a change of Administration. And changes of Administration are good for the country, whether the Republicans or the Democrats are in power. . . . No political party has ever yet reformed itself. The reform comes through defeat.

In a recent statement Cardinal Gibbons said:

The only apprehension I might have would be with regard to the consolidation of control of the great public interests of the country in the authorities of the Government itself. These interests are vast and wide-reaching and control the well-being of millions of men, such interests as the railroads and the telegraphs, as well as others. I should be sorry to see these things put under the direction of any Federal Administration. . . . The men employed in these industries and utilities would form the

preponderating interest in any Administration and would tend to a perpetuation of power.

As to this the New York "World," an Administration organ, remarks:

Cardinal Gibbons can hardly qualify as a railroad expert, but the fear he expresses lest the men employed in them and kindred industries under Government control "would form the preponderating interest in any Administration and would tend to a perpetuation of power" is such as must occur to all teachers of morals.

Don Marquis, editor of the clever and humorous "Sun Dial" of the New York "Evening Sun," puts it thus:

The Practical Politician told us he was for Government ownership and control of railroads, wires, express companies, and—as he put it—"and everything!"

"I didn't know that you were a reformer, or an idealist, or a Socialist, or any of those things," we told him.

"I ain't," he said. "I'm just the same as always; I'm a Practical Politician. . . . Take railroads, for instance. Say there's Government control. The bunch that wins the election runs the railroads. Do you get me?"

"Not exactly," we said.

"Well," he said, "it used to be that us politicians had to take what help we could get from big business to get our bunch in, and keep it in, and we gave big business what big business had to have to keep going. But with Government ownership we'll BE big business."

## THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS

IN MEMORY OF E. S. H.

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

"I BELIEVE in the communion of saints." We have repeated that in our small gray church ever since the church was built. We have pattered it over without much realization of what it stood for, like so many phrases of belief that the early Fathers won out of a living conviction, but which for us had come to be hardly more than dead words to say over with the lips. Now, however, perhaps we shall begin to grasp the meaning of the words; shall, indeed, find ourselves upon the shining threshold leading into their real significance. That is because now our little church possesses a saint of its own. It does, that is, if we accept St. Paul's use of the word—and who could wish for a better authority?—as applicable to all members of the Christian Church, whether alive or dead, but perhaps more especially appropriate to those who have entered the next world.

Our saint is not well known; he is not for the world at large, and he will never be canonized. He is only for his friends to hold in affectionate remembrance. We do not care to think of him as a Church saint with a halo and an appointed day. Rather we would remember him as the merry, gallant gentleman, overflowing

with friendliness and laughter, whom we all knew and all rejoiced in; who came from England to spend several years of his life in our quiet neighborhood; and who, after serving an apprenticeship in our little Sunday school, finally decided to establish himself permanently in America and go into the Church. With this in view, he sailed for England in the spring of 1914, meaning to settle up his home affairs and return to us in the autumn. But in August of that year he, along with a host of other young Englishmen, suddenly discovered that the settling of the home affairs was the most stupendous, the most terrible task that had ever been presented to them, requiring, indeed, all that a man had to offer. All that he had he offered at once, and completely, and four years later he was killed in action on the western front.

Well—

We had hoped so that he at least might come through! We hoped to see him once more whisking about our small chancel, very busy and intent on conducting the Sunday school; marshaling the little boys up to the front benches, and making them sing as nobody ever did succeed in making them sing before; reading the lessons

soberly and reverently, with those exceedingly comical eyebrows of his for once at a decorous level; and we hoped to see him again galloping along our hill roads, playing tennis, talking, laughing—oh, yes, most of all laughing and making us laugh. For our saint had—or rather let us say, has—that rare and delectable gift, the great gift of mirth, of extravagant, irresistible, bubbling laughter. Many people have a sense of a joke; only the rarest have that overflowing, wholly unexpected, almost outrageous drollery which so endears its possessor to the rest of mankind, so exhilaratingly prods every-day humanity out of its dull rut into a hilarious and care-free world. The smallest excitement—a cold day, a stiff game of tennis—served to uncork those sparkling vials of mirth which poured forth a stream of nonsense that sent the rest of us limp with laughter.

That a man so genuinely religious could be so comical! It was a Heaven-sent combination that was worthy of St. Francis and his happy brotherhood. And when we heard that he was killed just as he cracked a joke with his comrades we felt as though the dark mists of those four dreadful years had swirled suddenly aside

and through the rift for a fleeting instant we had glimpsed our friend again just as we had always known him; as though he laughed back to us a deep assurance that neither war, nor death, nor height, nor depth could quench his unquenchable spirit. So we knew he would have gone, and, if it had to be, then, we said, death for once had done it beautifully. What was that last joke of his? We do not know; but we do not doubt that in all the shattering crash and turmoil of battle it was delivered to the challenge of death with just that same ludicrous half crow of laughter, half cheer of excitement, with which he was wont to meet a swift serve at tennis, and we are sure that he looked into the face of the "last enemy" with eyebrows still at that familiar mirth-provoking slant of whimsical astonishment. He had nothing to fear. His gayety would carry him safely through the gateway, his faith would direct him once he was on the other side.

A clean, merry, and affectionate life, a gallant and glorious death—and what more may a man desire?

God rest you, merrie gentleman, there is nothing now to dismay or trouble you. The great cause you fought for is victorious at last, the powers of darkness are vanquished, and truth and honor, righteousness and peace, are triumphant in the world.

Outside the church sunshine and apple blossoms, with pale butterflies drifting over the lengthening wheat; inside white narcissus and wild plum bloom on the altar, and all his friends gathered together in affectionate remembrance.

How familiar it all would have looked to him—perhaps did look! The simple church he had known so well; the sunny valley set in green and blue mountains; and all his friends, country folk for the most part with hard brown hands and withered faces. Perhaps the only strange

things would have been the flag and the Roll of Honor, his own name with its golden star heading the list of all the men who have gone forth to war from this valley. He would have been familiar enough with the two old men—his friends—who took up the collection; one with hair so white now, the other with faded eyes and uncertain steps. How strange that he should be gone and they still here! In "The Riders to the Sea" the old mother from whom the sea has ravished all her six sons says: "In the big world the old people do be leaving things after them for their sons and children, but in this place it is the young men do be leaving things behind for them that do be old." Alas! that is a tragedy now not only of the Aran Islands, but of the whole world as well. So familiar would the scene have been to him, and so a part of it all did one feel him to be, that one almost looked around to see him enter. But perhaps he would have been surprised when Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Roman Catholics all knelt down together in unity and concord and prayed for the soul of their departed friend. Did he know that it was friendship for him that had brought all these varieties of Christians together under one roof? And was he too far away to come back at the call of affection and remembrance? We do not think so, and now, in the Communion Service, when the rector pauses after the words, "And we also bless thy holy Name for all thy servants departed this life in thy faith and fear," we think upon our saint and believe that he is not too far removed into celestial regions to come back and with us offer and present himself to the One "unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid." He comes, we think, with his gay personality to take the terror and strangeness out of death, to break down the walls between the two worlds, and to enlighten

our minds, teaching us that the "communion of saints" is no dead phrase, but a living experience, a golden gateway through which we may pass to intercourse with our friends who are before us on the path, and they come back to us.

No doubt our saint has many other delightful and fruitful occupations, but one feels sure also that by the road of our remembrance he returns sometimes to the little sanctuary that knew him so well and to the congregation that likes to think he is often with them in their services and celebrations.

"Dear spirit, come often, and you shall find  
Welcome where mind can foregather  
with mind."

And as we stretch out our affections to this friend of ours, so over the whole earth now the hearts of the living are flinging out wistful cords of faithful love,

"Till the bridge you will need be formed—  
till the ductile anchor hold,"

and the two worlds are surely bound together in this great fellowship, this infinite and goodly company of the "communion of saints."

Oh, gallant, beautiful, and glorious young men, sons of all the friendly nations, who have made the complete surrender, fearlessly laying down life itself upon the altar of righteousness, and who have won thereby for us a great victory and a most solemn peace, do not desert the world which you have saved! As our remembrances and affections are open to you, shine upon our spirits, come to us in the hidden meeting-places of the heart to enoble our aspirations, and through the sacred medium and fellowship of our great leader, Jesus Christ, enlighten our darkness, inspire our ideals, assist us upon the new pathways opening before humanity, and in these hopeful times work with us mightily toward the building up of God's kingdom upon earth.

## "ON ACTIVE SERVICE"

HERE, in a volume of verse by Ford Madox Hueffer,<sup>1</sup> is true poetry written in a form that skillfully combines the freedom of the "new" school with the rhythms and rhymes of the old. No one has more vividly or more authoritatively expressed the reaction to the war of the man of sensitive spirit, who without fuss or heroics has gone to fight the battle for liberty:

WHEN THE WORLD CRUMBED

"Once there were purple seas—  
Wide, wide . . .  
And myrtle groves and cyclamen,  
Above the cliff and the stone pines  
Where a god watched . . .

And thou, oh Lesbian . . .

Well, *that's* all done!"

The poems "written on active service"

<sup>1</sup> On Heaven, and Poems Written on Active Service. By Ford Madox Hueffer. The John Lane Company, New York. \$1.25.

are tragically real, full of intimate, heart-breaking detail, of wistful musings, of poignant longing and quiet expressions of aspiration that carry as no heroics ever would:

"What is love of one's land?

Ah, we know very well

It is something that sleeps for a year, for a day,

For a month, something that keeps  
Very hidden and quiet and still,  
And then takes

The quiet heart like a wave,  
The quiet brain like a spell,  
The quiet will  
Like a tornado, and that shakes  
The whole being and soul . . .  
Aye, the whole of the soul."

The title poem is a fascinating picture of heaven as any place dear during life to which the released spirit goes as a man would go on any vacation. To the poet it is a little town in southern France where

he goes motoring to pleasant inns with the love whom life refused to him, fearing no punctures, knowing just enough of pain to give zest to the abundant joy. And God comes.

"In the darkness He came walking to our  
table beneath the planes,

And spoke  
So kindly to my dear,  
With a little joke,  
Giving himself some pains  
To take away her fear  
Of His stature,  
So as not to abash her,  
In no way at all to dash her new pleasure  
beneath the planes,  
In the cool of the even  
In heaven.  
That, that is God's nature."

Altogether this is a book that reminds one of the eyes of English soldiers who knew Mons and Ypres and Gallipoli and the Somme.

# LAD ON THE HONOR LIST

BY HELEN COALE CREW

## DEATH SPEAKS

I have kissed the lips of one looking at morning,  
Looking at sunrise, looking at dazzling day.  
Because of his utter scorn of me, I loved him;  
Kissed him . . . kissed him!  
All my dark halls  
Are bright with youth;  
All my dark halls  
Are luminous with young warriors;  
For I am a-weary of the aged, the sinewless,  
And am consumed with a desire for the young, the godlike,  
The full-blooded limbs, the foaming spirits.  
I have kissed this lad with a red wound.  
After the heat and hurry of the day,  
In my dark halls he shall be  
Pallid, pulseless, yea, but also  
Serene, secure.

## THOSE THAT MOURN SPEAK

He went gladly;  
We could not hold him.  
He put on the sword of young daring  
And the plumed helmet of boyish swagger.  
He bound his feet with eagerness  
And blew the trumpet of careless song and banter.  
So that we wept . . . how could we not?  
There was no wisdom in him,  
Being but a lad,  
But when you kissed him, O Death,  
Saw you not the splendor in his eyes,  
Gravely bright with horror,  
Grimly bright with pain,  
Bright-beautiful with generous purpose,  
Bright-terrible with sacrifice?  
O Death, did you not think:  
*Achilles the Golden I have already garnered;  
Who is this that cometh out of the west  
Young, and brave, and altogether lovely?*

## LIFE SPEAKS

He should have been mine, mine!  
He should have been mine, my lover!  
All the fields of the earth, the wheat, the roses,  
All the wild places, the pools, the forests,  
All the great roadways, the little byways,  
Cried out for him!  
I myself laid cunning traps  
In wood ways, in city ways;  
I laid cunning paths  
Across the gray ocean,  
Odorous of mystery,  
Tinted with adventure.  
And I set young love full upon the highway,  
Warm in the sunlight, not to be overlooked;  
Young love, untried,  
To lure his lithe soul  
And his splendid body.  
I made no least whisper of my stern-fixt laws;  
I hid my sharp-edged tools.  
What are your blandishments, O Death,  
To my blandishments?  
And what is man become, that life and love  
Call him not with a golden clangor  
Louder than the iron clangor of war?

## THE LAD SPEAKS

A strange narrowness hems me in.  
Yet when the summons came  
And I leaped up and over,  
I saw the horizon snap and fling its coil  
Out into space; and all the stars receded  
Till there were no boundaries.

Only Orion, toppling sharply, fell,  
And stabbed me through and through  
With points of fire.  
When he drew his sword out,  
Dripping with noise and pain,  
All the full-flooded tide of me  
Ebbbed . . . ebbbed.  
Did some one kiss me then,  
Coldly, remotely?  
And why do I lie here  
Serene, secure?  
*There was something I had meant to do. . . .*

## THE CREATOR OF LIFE AND DEATH SPEAKS

Was it necessary, O Death, my servant,  
Was it necessary  
That you should kiss this lad  
With a red wound?  
Could not my servant Life have wounded him  
Sufficiently?  
This is my breath you have drawn  
From his nostrils;  
It is my pulse you have torn  
From his breast.  
I will grant you  
His firm and fair young flesh;  
I will yield you  
His white eyelids and pale lips and pulseless hands.  
Yield up now to me  
His deathless energies,  
So that he may yet do  
The thing he meant to do!

## REQUIEM

Body of Man and Spirit of Man,  
These two,  
Having stood shoulder to shoulder  
For a little torn fragment of time,  
These two have parted.  
Under the heavens, below the earth,  
With yearning hands  
We have laid the one, . . .  
We have lost the other.

Heavens, be you gracious  
To the Body of Man!  
Distill your stars upon him  
In a cool comfort;  
And let your suns,  
Monstrous measurers of time,  
Revolve for him  
An eternity of quiet sleeping.

Earth, be you kindly  
To the Body of Man!  
Let your cypresses  
Sift the sunlight above him.  
Let slow-creeping snails  
Empearl his mound;  
Let caterpillars  
Measure its brief length  
With delicate green loops.  
Let a blue flower  
Be bluer still  
Because of his dim dust.

God!  
Thou out beyond the arras!  
We have lost . . .  
We have lost . . .  
The Spirit of Man!  
*Find Thou him!*

# THE MERIT SYSTEM IN WAR

BY RICHARD H. DANA

PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL CIVIL SERVICE REFORM LEAGUE

**D**URING the month of June last there appeared two articles in The Outlook on the business organization of the Government. In these occurred a statement that, "valuable as" the restrictions of the Civil Service Law "have proved in the past as a weapon against political patronage," they had been a hindrance to efficiency in the war. Likewise it put the blame for the short hours for civil employees, whose work ended at 4:30 in the afternoon, onto "the Civil Service regulations."

Taking the latter point first, it seems as unfair to saddle the short hours upon the Civil Service rules and regulations as it is for a golfer who is off his game to lay his bad play to the color of his efficient caddy's hair. The hours are fixed by statute (see 30 Stat., 316, Mar. 15, 1898, and 27 Stat., 340, Aug. 1, 1892), not by the Civil Service regulations. Furthermore, complaint was made that the civil servants were never willing to work overtime, even in war emergency. The former statute gives explicit authority to the head of a department to extend by special order the hours of work, and the hours have been extended in many cases since the war began.

As to the other point, that the object of Civil Service Reform is merely to abolish politics in appointments, undoubtedly that was the chief emphasis put forth by the reformers in the '70s and first '80s, although even in those early days increased efficiency was not overlooked. The reform in practical operation is estimated to save something like \$30,000,000 a year to the National Government, and it results in more and better work done per employee. One of the tendencies of the spoils system is to pack the departments with unnecessary employees for the sake of securing additional patronage. There are many illustrations, ancient and modern, of how this tendency was stopped by the merit system, one of the most striking examples being that of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, in which it was found that there were 539 supernumeraries who were so much in the way that sheds with shelves were provided for them on which they spent the larger part of their time in sleep.

The increased amount of work done by merit appointees has been shown by many official reports, among others that of the railway mail service, in which it was shown that after a few years under the merit system the employees did not only more work per capita, but with five times the accuracy, and the head of that division, who had been its chief both before and after the adoption of the merit system, said in one of his official reports that he could not have obtained such good results without the aid and protection of the Civil Service Law.

The programme of Civil Service Reformers to-day places increased emphasis

on efficiency. It seeks to introduce all sound business methods into the Government service. One of these methods is to employ efficiency engineers in the departments as adjuncts to Civil Service commissions, through whom standard measurements of service are established. This system has achieved its greatest success in Chicago. It has also been adopted in New York, and beginnings of it in other parts of the country. In this way the inefficient and supernumeraries are got rid of and the others are kept up to the mark. Now what do we mean by "standard measurements of service"? We mean such things as the number of square yards of window washing or street cleaning that may fairly be claimed as a day's work; or the number of cubic yards of digging in different soils and at different depths by certain-sized gangs of men; the amount of painting, offal collection, etc., that can reasonably be required; the number of patients in a surgical hospital to be cared for by a nurse; the amount of type-writing and bookkeeping that can be done while the employees have work given them. If they have not enough work given them, it indicates that the office is probably over-manned. Group efficiency, as well as individual, is inquired into, and, if found lacking, the one in charge is held responsible.

Some Civil Service commissions are also given power to inquire into the conduct and capacity of employees and to dismiss those who are not up to standard, and they can do this on the complaint, not only of the head of the office or of their own efficiency engineers, but of any citizen who may see public employees wasting their time.

A wise and scientific superannuation system, based upon actuarial experience and advice, and so regulated as not to prevent needed removals, would be a great help to Government efficiency. I say "so regulated as not to prevent needed removals," because the straight pension system makes it very difficult to remove a man who has worked for many years at a small salary in anticipation of a pension, unless his conduct has been pretty nearly criminal.

Another part of the up-to-date Civil Service Reform programme is to secure good management in Government work through the appointment of able heads of bureaus with proper education and executive and organizing ability. Some one may ask, How can this be done through competitive examination? It cannot be done by the school or college examination, but it can be done by the examinations of the modern kind, which include investigation into experience, and for the higher positions consist wholly in an inquiry into the past education, training, and exercise of organizing and executive functions with success.

In order to make this system work

well, special examiners who are experts on the subjects for which the applicants are being investigated do the grading from information obtained under a well-developed and specialized questionnaire conducted by the Civil Service Commission. This system has worked admirably, and several thousand positions in city, county, State, and National service, with salaries from \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year, have been filled in this manner, and some of the best Government work ever done has been done under persons appointed in this way. A notable case was the filling of the Worcester, Massachusetts, post office with its \$6,000 a year salary by this Civil Service competition of life records. The appointee who came out head had organized a large and successful railway ticket and touring business, later abolished under the Government railway economy policy. He was acknowledged on all hands as the best man for the place.

So useful have these modern methods become that business organizations are adopting some of these Civil Service measures. They are doing it, not from fear of political appointments, but simply to gain greater efficiency.

Now as to the war. The tests for many positions have been shortened, are held more frequently, and at hours more convenient to the appointees. The examination for stenographer is reduced to but a little more than a test, under dictation, of the quickness and accuracy with which the work is done, taking about two hours, instead of five as formerly.

Before the war there were ten applicants seeking each job; now the jobs are seeking applicants. The Commission no longer waits to get up eligible lists for any thing above plain clerkships; but as soon as a person can be found, either by the head of the office or as a result of advertisement and solicitation, he is tested and, if he proves capable, is immediately sent for appointment. The National Civil Service Reform League during the past year has aided much in recruiting for Government civil positions, particularly for specialists of various kinds up to the high-grade chemists on explosives.

The lack of persons fitted for the civil work that has had to be done for the war is so great that even the departments not under the Civil Service Law still find it hard to secure employees, and many mistakes have been made from lack of proper tests, though some bureaus exempt from the Civil Service rules have adopted tests very like those of the Civil Service Commission for their own protection.

The National Civil Service Reform League has been in close touch with the departments during the war at the request of members of the Administration, and the League cordially agrees with the main points in the articles above referred to that appeared in The Outlook, seeking to secure better co-ordination in the task

of the war, and the League has already recommended such a scheme.

During the war our leaders have been watching the war work of our allies in order to profit by their successes and avoid their failures.

Those new departments in England, recruited almost wholly without regard to the usual Civil Service orders, have not been as efficient as the older departments, which also have taken the burden of the war work.

This is not a mere vague, unsupported opinion, but a fact officially established. In the words of the London correspondent of the New York "Evening Post:" "It is not the permanent Civil Service, but a staff of so-called business men, that was responsible for the extraordinary stories"

of extravagance, irregularities, loose bookkeeping, and delay "told in the reports of the Controller and Auditor-General and the select Committee of the House of Commons."<sup>1</sup>

It was hard to make the business man in England, as it is hard to make him in Washington to-day, realize the difficulties and dangers of the employment problem for any large Government service—too large to be kept within the scope of the personal acquaintances of the appointing head.

It is not enough that the business man is high-minded and free from any conscious political bias. Once announce that

<sup>1</sup>See London daily papers of March 12, April 13, May 20, June 8, and the Hansard records of the House of Commons for April 25, June 18, and June 19.

official tests and inquiries are not in force, and that is taken as the signal for political and personal favoritism to do its secret and fatal work.

We had similar experience in the Spanish War. As an instance, some eight hundred positions in the War Department were exempted from the Civil Service rules under claim of saving time. It not only took more time, but, as was officially reported later, those appointed were in average capacity far below the merit system appointees.

It is significant also that the scandals regarding the rubber raincoats occurred in a branch of the service that, from its creation on our coming into the war, was exempted from the Civil Service tests regulation.

## THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT VERSAILLES<sup>1</sup>

### VI—FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

BY ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

PROFESSOR OF GOVERNMENT AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

**A**MONG the fourteen points set forth by President Wilson, January 8, 1918, as a basis for peace, the second ran as follows:

"Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants."

The President did not then realize that he was calling the attention of the world to one of the most difficult points for discussion and settlement by the World Congress. "Freedom of the Seas" has been floating about in the literature of diplomacy for more than a hundred years without any clear understanding among nations or in international law texts as to what it means. Plainly such "freedom" in time of peace is a very different thing from "freedom" in time of war; but the President intends to cover both branches of the subject.

That the high seas are a common highway and the common property of mankind is one of those self-evident truths that has required a lot of argument. The prime disturbers of this idea were the pirates, who for ages plied their semi-respectable trade in all seas. Nowadays we do not realize what it means to have nearly freed all the oceans, seas, gulfs, bays, and inlets from what Shylock called these "water-thieves—I mean pirates." Time was when they cruised outside the gates of the Delaware and appeared on the streets of Boston, freely dispensing their extra-legal earnings in the

unhallowed pleasures of that Puritan town.

The second obstacle to the free use of the seas in time of peace is the control of the ports of the world by nations who regulate the vessels and the cargoes which shall go in and out. Useless the right to skim the main if you are brought up by a revenue cutter and forbidden to cast anchor or unload your cargo. It is like buying a railway ticket to Chicago and being stopped by the police just beyond Gary.

A third obstacle to actual freedom of the seas at any time is the control of several most important sections of the sea which are hemmed in by the land. Thus Denmark for ages claimed the right to take toll of merchant vessels passing through the narrow channels of the Little Belt or the Skagerrak into the Baltic. Turkey, for the sins of Europe, has for five hundred years held both banks of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, thus controlling the neck of the bottle of which the Black Sea was the flask. Then there are two artificial waterways which are of enormous significance to world commerce. The Suez Canal is a British water, British owned and British managed, just as the Panama Canal is the outright property of the United States of America.

Another interference with freedom of the seas is the desire of various nations for "inclosed waters." The United States, for instance, very early in our history successfully claimed the whole area of Chesapeake Bay and Delaware Bay as entirely within the boundary of the United States, though the usual three-mile line drawn parallel with the shore would have left large pockets in both bays. On the other hand, Grotius, the great Dutch publicist, nearly three hundred years ago, protested against the efforts of England to extend jurisdiction over St. George's Channel, the English Channel, and other similar waters. He insisted that no part of the

high sea could be appropriated by any one nation.

It is a matter of great importance to the world to know just what President Wilson thinks can be accomplished in time of peace toward making the high seas the possession of all nations taken together. Pirates are out of date, and indeed unnecessary in a world which is in daily contact with modern restaurants and waiters! The obstacle to an unlimited use of the sea which is offered by custom-houses is a very different matter. No sensible person will ever advocate such a system of international trade as will leave the United States Government to provide itself with arms, munitions of war, or military equipment of any kind from outside our own boundaries. No freedom of seas or of land can extend to a system of trade which encourages great nations to depend on others for material of war.

Going still further in this direction, the present does not seem to be a time when any of the great nations is inclined to give up or seriously lessen its power to encourage domestic manufactures by protective duties. We all admit, when we stop to think about it, that the output of protected manufacturers is only a small percentage of the annual National product; but the argument of high wages, the argument of infant industries, and especially the argument of the home market, do have large influence, not only on Americans, but on Germans, French, and English. The suggested system of preference duties between Great Britain and the British colonies is, in effect, protection of the Empire against other nations.

A systematic boycott of Germany or of any other enemy Powers would be practically a method of preferential duties among the Allies, with a good deal of doubt as to where the small belligerent countries and the states that have been neutral during the present war would

<sup>1</sup>The first of this series of articles appeared in The Outlook for December 4 under the title "A Great World Congress." The second (December 11 issue) was called "The Question of Small States." The third (December 18 issue) was called "Pains and Penalties Before the Congress of Nations." The fourth (December 25 issue) was called "Self-Determination and Assisted Determination of States." The fifth (January 1 issue) was called "Economic and Industrial Peace." One more article will follow.—THE EDITORS.

come in. It is here, probably, that President Wilson hopes to influence the World Congress. To him, freedom of the seas in time of peace looks toward a uniform system of treating merchant shipping among all nations—uniformity of duties, very likely uniformity of classification of goods and of custom-house procedure; not necessarily uniform rates of duty. Certainly not free admission of commodities or of persons. What would become of the Eighteenth Amendment if Italy, France, and Greece had a presumptive right to land cargoes of wines and brandies in this country?

Freedom of the seas, as applied to war, is a still more ticklish subject. When hostilities broke out in 1914, the United States was disposed to take high ground with regard to the rights of Americans as neutrals to send their ships and cargoes to all parts of the world, just as in time of peace. Undoubtedly if the Germans could have controlled the seas or even kept considerable fleets outside their own ports they would have laid down the most damaging principles as to limitations on neutral trade. To that nation of munition makers and munition sellers in the open market—sellers to Japan to fire at the Russians, and to Russia to repel the Japanese—it seemed frightful that the United States should ship munitions to their enemies. With their little submarines they actually damaged the commerce of the world to the extent of nearly half the tonnage afloat when the war began; by which they plainly expressed their opinion of the freedom of the seas.

That is not the whole story. When the war began, the theory of the United States was that American ships could continue to go to any port in the world, subject to the two restrictions known to what might be called "Common International Law," namely, contraband and blockade. We acknowledged that ships carrying material of war might be stopped, deprived of their contraband cargo, and in some cases would themselves be forfeited. Furthermore, we admitted that an American ship bound in or out of a port actually blockaded could be captured, substantially for the offense of circumventing actual military operations. We practically admitted also the right of belligerents to control limited areas of the sea for strategic purposes, sowing them with mines or other defenses so that neutral vessels had better accept a warning to keep out of those "war zones." In practice the German war zone was the body of water surrounding the British Islands, into which hardly a German ship ever penetrated except the submarines; while the British zones were the Channel and some parts of the North Sea, which they were every moment occupying and defending.

This limited freedom of the seas, which was all we had a right to claim, was thereupon very much diminished by new principles laid down by Great Britain. In 1909 the British Government called a Naval Conference and participated in drawing up a code for sea warfare which

greatly limited the list of contraband; but it drew back from its own work and prevented ratification of that convention. Hence it felt at liberty to enlarge the contraband list until it included almost everything that could possibly be of use to Germany—rubber, copper, iron, foodstuffs, raw materials of every kind, and manufactures might help the Germans to be comfortable. Against this enlargement the United States Government forbore to make an effective protest, partly because the Allies stood ready to take over all the products of every kind that we could ship to them. When they unwarrantably stopped our ships and took out our cargoes, they eventually paid for the goods, and in some cases for demurrage, and that stopped complaints at the fountain-head. If the ship-owner were satisfied, how was our Government to urge his claim?

The enlargement of contraband was accompanied by a system of restriction of shipments to or through neutrals of pretty much anything that might eventually reach Germany. This the British sometimes called "blockade," though if it were a proper limitation on the freedom of the seas it could not be properly classified under that heading. It is practically a new restriction, developed under the extraordinary conditions of the war—Germany using the new weapon of the submarines in the attempt to annihilate trade of every kind to the Allies in vessels of every nation; while the Allies cut down the supplies of Switzerland, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries, which were immediate neighbors of Germany and would have been channels of supply if the British had allowed it. The famous test case of the ship *Wilhelmina* brought before the British prize courts was an attempt to find a legal flaw in the British procedure. We now know from recent disclosures through the Department of Justice that the *Wilhelmina* was practically German owned; and the British, who knew or suspected that fact, cannot be blamed for refusing to rule against themselves.

Some Americans, of whom the present writer was one, felt that the new procedure of the Allies ought to have been met with a direct protest from the United States Government, of the kind made as to such matters as interference with the mails, taking of enemy passengers off American ships, and so on. No such protest was made, and when we became practically allies of the Allies all those difficulties for the time being went into the discard. The accretions of power thus gained by Great Britain as the biggest sea Power in the world are perhaps no greater in proportion than those secured by the United States during the Civil War with reference to captures on "continuous voyages" from Liverpool to Nassau and then to the Southern Confederacy.

The United States is also a great naval Power, and likely henceforth to possess one of the largest merchant fleets. Extensions of power over neutral commerce

might therefore be very useful to us in the future, and perhaps that was the motive of the "President of the State Department" in letting the new practices go by unchallenged. Therefore it is difficult to understand just what the President of the United States expects in the way of further changes as to the freedom of the seas in time of war.

One suggestion which has had very powerful backing in the United States for many years is that private property ought not to be captured at sea under any circumstances. An obvious objection is that if the rules with regard to the safety of the lives of non-combatants are observed, this kind of warfare is the least destructive of life and one of the most destructive of national power. The international right of Great Britain to capture German ships and German cargoes drove German commerce off the seas in a few weeks. It cannot be expected that Great Britain will give up a right of capture which was at the same time merciful and made the destruction of the German military power possible. Germany provisioned and supported by its own merchantmen, Germany still enjoying the freedom of the sea, would be a Germany to-day extending to Paris and perhaps London and laying down the law of the land and the sea to the United States.

If President Wilson and the American Nation desire new freedom of the sea in time of war, they must start to build up from the bottom. Ordinary conventions do not hold. Great Britain was bound by treaty to admit vessels of all nations to the Suez Canal in time of war, but never for a moment intended and still less allowed such use by a dangerous enemy, any more than the United States would permit enemy cruisers to pass through the Panama Canal.

Upon several important subjects international agreements could be reached and are desirable. Such questions are: zones of war; the right of angary—seizing neutral ships in the ports of a belligerent; the sinking of vessels that cannot be brought into port as prizes; the protection of the lives of non-combatant crews and passengers; the proper regulation of commerce with neutrals, part of which might leak through to an enemy; the right of a country to take possession of ships of a belligerent lying in her ports, so that they may not be destroyed or mutilated as were the German ships in our ports through the inexcusable good nature of our port authorities. Perhaps the use of submarines may be restrained in warfare, though British, French, and American submarines did their possible best in the war. Certainly there may well be restrictions as to the use of submarines against merchant commerce.

Here are large fields for ameliorating the conditions of warfare on the sea. That the United States can come back, or induce other people to come back, to the ante-bellum ideas of the rights of belligerents over neutral commerce is flatly not to be expected. While men fight at all, they will fight at sea. When one side

in a war obtains control or partial control of the seas, it will make that superiority count. The only effective protection of freedom of the seas in time of war is to stop war. Perhaps science will take that

whole matter in hand. Powerful airplanes carrying fearful explosives and still more frightful gas may make it impossible for either merchantmen or ships of war to navigate the seas against the will of a

belligerent. In the present state of the machinery of war, the "freedom of the air" is becoming far more serious than any discussions or regulations of what goes on at sea.

## "THE COMMITTEE ON INTERNATIONAL GOOD WILL"

### A SUGGESTION FOR THE PEACE CONFERENCE

BY NEWCOMB CLEVELAND

**W**HATEVER may be done at the Peace Conference, it is inevitable that the United States must be in much closer relations with foreign nations in the future than it was before the war.

Obviously it would be to the advantage of all that the various peoples concerned should have a better understanding of one another than they now have.

As an illustration of the benefits that follow understanding, consider the typical history of a trade organization in this country.

A score of competitors meet together for the first time. They are distant, suspicious, and wary. They are tender on the subject of agreements and will not commit themselves to anything.

After a while they discover that their fellows are just as much disposed to be fair-minded as they are themselves. By the end of a year of acquaintance and association they are on terms of easy workability.

It may be that the world needs an experience of such a kind at this time.

If there is to be an International Club, with the membership consisting of peoples, it is important that they should be suitably made acquainted.

As a means to this end general education is desirable. At the present moment three-fourths or more of the people in the world cannot read or write. How can they know anything of world affairs?

It would be possible to give elementary information and instruction to all the children in the world who do not have it now at an expense per year no greater than that of a week or so of war. With education universal, an idea could be presented all over the world to all the people.

Then there is travel. The great difficulty in framing international laws that would be acceptable both to citizens of Madagascar and to citizens of Ohio, for example, would be that the various groups would not visualize one another. They could not confer intelligently or act on any common ground of mutual perception.

Why not have "travel funds" to aid in remedying this condition? The various nations could appropriate money to keep selected representatives traveling around the world, one group after another.

If fifty residents of Siam, for example, were sent to Italy, England, the United States, Brazil, and other countries, when they got back they would have some sort of intelligent understanding of what other governments were like. This knowledge would be invaluable in the political

development of their own country and in its relations with the rest of the world.

If the general idea of the importance of mutual understanding in international relations comes up at the Peace Conference, and if it should meet with any response, it would probably be possible to develop it and to take definite action in an effort to put it into effect in a practical way. Incidentally, the importance of the general problem of international relations is so exceedingly great and its solution in some manner so pressing that it seems almost obligatory upon us to make use of any means whatever that might possibly help.

At the Conference there could be a simple resolution something like this:

*Whereas*, it is desirable that the peoples we represent should understand one another better; and

*Whereas*, it is possible to promote such better understanding by the diffusing of information in the respective countries,

*Resolved*, that a bureau be established to aid in accomplishing such a result, the details to be worked out by a committee to be appointed.

Among the functions of the bureau could be the following:

1. To collect information regarding the governments of the world, their laws and regulations affecting international relations; their rulers, officials, and departments; statistics on population, area, climate, resources, agricultural and manufacturing industries, and other matters.

2. To supply such information in suitable form upon request, and also to distribute it in various countries.

3. To place before all the people of the world the problem of international relations and organization as it now exists and as it may be modified from time to time, and to apply to this problem the refinements of scientific analysis and study with the object of drawing attention to it and stimulating thought upon it, and with the hope that, as time goes on, acceptable and effective principles and methods will be evolved.

The information to be distributed could be provided in the form of periodicals, bulletins, charts, diagrams, books, pamphlets, lectures, and especially motion pictures.

Information as to travel routes and as to all means of international communication could be collected and kept available.

In general, the work would be informative, not controversial.

The central idea is *acquaintance*.

The directing minds of any such bureau should be representative of the nations

and interests participating. The headquarters offices could be located anywhere.

The expense of the work in each country could be borne as a rule by the country itself. The general and administrative expenses could be apportioned pro rata on the basis of population of the respective countries.

The administrative expenses could be limited to, say, \$10,000,000 a year for the first three years.

The total expense of everything here proposed would be nothing worth considering if it contributed even in a slight degree towards reducing the liability risk of war or anarchy.

The bureau could be established whether all the nations at the Peace Conference joined in supporting it or not. The principle would be the same with ten nations as with sixty. The general idea is applicable to the association of two or more nations in the most rudimentary form of the principle.

Any action by the Conference as to Germany would make no difference as to the practicability of the plan, one way or the other.

In case of no action at all at the Conference, the bureau could be promoted and established independently later.

The work would be entirely distinct from that of our export and import statistical departments, our consular service, the business bourse, or department of commerce. It would have a different object and would extend in a different direction.

The name could be "The International Publicity Bureau" or "The Informing and Promoting Bureau" or "The Committee on International Good Will."

It would really be "a bureau for promoting better understanding of one another among the various nations." Perhaps as good a name as any would be "The Bureau of International Information."

So far as the practicability of the project is concerned, the formation of a League of Nations at the Conference is not at all a necessary preliminary. In fact, a committee of this nature for general study and information usually precedes rather than follows any formal organization, and is without commitment.

In this case the proposed bureau would not be tied up with any specific plan or propaganda.

If a League of Nations does result at the Conference, so much the greater reason for such a bureau.

# THE SPIRIT OF POLITICAL RECONSTRUCTION IN AMERICA

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

ONLY the other day President Butler, of Columbia University, in renaming certain fundamental democratic studies which are bound to appear in any scheme of educational reconstruction, happily defined ethics as the doctrine of conduct and service, economics as the doctrine of gainful occupations, and politics as the doctrine of the reconciliation between the two and of living together in harmony and helpfulness.

Which leads one immediately to the practical reflection that the chief task of political democracy at the present hour, at home or abroad, is to reconcile gain with right conduct and service. In domestic politics in America the most difficult problem is the reconciliation of the points of view and the practices of capital and labor with the public welfare; in international politics it is the subjection of territorial and commercial aggression to the welfare of mankind; among the weaker nations of Europe, by the great war now set free, it is the reconciliation of peasant and landlord as well as of capitalist and laborer. The fate of democracy is wrapped up in the reconciliation of the economic motive with the ethical motive throughout the world.

It is a difficult reconciliation, which can be effected among mankind only through the leadership of a natural aristocracy of skillful intelligence and high moral purpose. The inner ideal of the American political democracy has always been the ideal of Mazzini—a government of all, through all, under the leadership of the wisest and the best. In spite of our faults and failures, we have yet been the most successful democracy of all time, because at critical moments we have bred, chosen, and unitedly followed the leadership of character and power. The Bolshevik movement, which is in process of tearing the Continent of Europe to pieces, reveals its illegitimate democratic origin not alone in its contempt for the *bourgeoisie* qualities of organization, management, initiative, but in its conception of a country which is not a country, but an area of violent class struggle, the theater of hunger and murder, where the less prosperous devour the more prosperous, where ignorance scoffs at wisdom and where rulership is without capacity for order, justice, or well-being.

We are at present able to get the best measure of American democracy that it has ever been possible to obtain. A few short months ago a superficial inventory of the higher spiritual and abiding democratic products and possessions of the present generation was not reassuring. For forty years we had successfully exploited the enormous material resources of a continent. For forty years we did nothing else so well. In the efficiency of our Governmental administration we fell far

behind some other countries of the world. The political institutions of American society came to be widely used, not for the welfare of the whole people, but for the well-being of some intriguing influence which sought profit or emolument through political control. Under an inadequate educational system two-thirds of our boys and girls passed out into the practical workaday world at about fourteen years of age, to an alarming degree unfitted either for livelihood or free citizenship. We have an imperfect National unity, capital and labor frequently facing one another in internecine strife, our coasts and policies feebly defended, a rich, flabby, thoughtless, care-free, more or less indolent political democracy, seemingly without a deep sense of responsibility to our own citizenship or to the great world outside approaching every year more closely to our own shores.

And it is well for us even now to be modest about our recent accomplishments in the great war. As Lincoln understood it, the only real equality is the equality of suffering. And we are humble tenants of the temple of suffering in any comparison with our Allied comrades. But there have been of recent months certain great flashes of illumination which have revealed that the America we thought we knew only yester-year was not the real America. No one shall prevent us from deep pride in the hundreds of thousands of brave young American spirits who endured wounds and death in the mighty battle of the Meuse-Argonne, or who pierced and crushed the St. Mihiel salient in thirty hours, though Marshal Foch is reported to have allotted them ten days in which to accomplish it. They revealed to us and to the world the real America. When Tardieu, the French High Commissioner to this country, returned to Paris just before the war closed, he was interrogated in the Chamber of Deputies, by the type of blithering idiot of whom there seems always to be a high percentage in every parliamentary assembly, about a contract with the United States. "Why, M. Tardieu, did you not demand security?" And Tardieu answered: "Our security is the two millions of young Americans now on our shores ready to die for France." No false humility, no critical analyst, shall take that glory from us. There was the real America of crusading idealism, of altruism without alloy. There was might making right, the might of organized sacrifice. There were the meek inheriting the earth.

In history, not what we did, but what we were about to do, will excite the wonder of mankind. In the course of another six months or a year we would have been ready to strike upon the western battle-front a blow of resistless power. The giant was waking from his sleep.

Preliminary blundering and hesitation were gone. Another summer would have seen in Europe millions of American soldiers as daring as any who ever trod the soil of the Continent, airplanes by the thousand which would have darkened the air and put out the eyes of the enemy artillery, guns that would have shaken the area of the Central Powers by their very reverberation, a swarm of destroyers that would have hunted every submarine back to its base before it sighted its prey, even a daily volume of poison gas far greater than all Europe could produce in similar time. There was swiftly organizing the economic and moral might of a hundred millions of freemen which no alliance of tyrannies on earth could withstand. It was the vast hitherto untapped economic and moral reserve of America which was beginning to excite the admiration of the world, as it stirred the imagination of Alfred Noyes, the English poet, while he witnessed the great parade of nations in New York City, with the President of the United States at the head:

"Know you the meaning of what they are doing,  
Know you the light that their soul is pursuing,  
Know you the might of the world they are making,  
This nation of nations whose heart is awaking?"

Over this continent, wholly united,  
They that were foemen in Europe are plighted.  
Here in a league that our blindness and pride  
Doubted and flouted and mocked and denied,  
Dawns the republic, the laughing, gigantic,  
Europe united beyond the Atlantic.

That is America, speaking one tongue,  
Acting her epics before they are sung,  
Driving her rails from the palms to the snow,  
Through states that are greater than Emperors know.

Brooking no poverty, mocking at Mars,  
Building her cities to talk with the stars.

Never was voice of a nation so glorious,  
Glad of its cause and afire with its fate;  
Never did eagle on mightier pinion  
Tower to the height of a brighter dominion,  
Kindling the hope of the prophets to flame,  
Calling aloud on the deep as it came,  
Cleave me a way for an army with banners,  
I am His liberty, that is my name."

Our part in the great struggle lasted long enough to reveal for a moment the vast economic and moral reserve of America, something approaching the best in this democracy of a hundred millions. The

function of leadership now is to inspire America to continue to do something approaching her best. Whether America continues to maintain anything like this standard of progress and power depends upon the industrial, the educational, the religious, the political leadership of America.

One of its generals said of the French army that it is made up of twenty per cent brave men and twenty per cent cowards; that the other sixty per cent are either brave or cowardly, according to the leadership of their officers. About sixty per cent of a democracy usually rise to the best that is in them only through a leadership of intelligence and character. Democracy is instinctively wiser and better than its leaders, but it commonly depends upon its genuine leaders to arouse its sound instincts to action.

Now that the war is over, the American democracy is in more serious need than ever of a leadership of intelligence and character. The exaltation of mood which lighted the way and beckoned the Nation onward in the tense days of conflict is already passing. We are done for the present with the kindling illumination of National emotion. But the path which a democratic leadership of intelligence must now follow is clearer than it was before we entered the war. I assume that the reason for the presence of the clear mind of President Wilson in France is that he may bear the unselfish spirit of American internationalism into the great council of peace. I suppose that the unselfish spirit of American internationalism is also a spirit of prepared power, because not until the millennium will anything else make right except prepared might. And certainly nothing else will protect the development of the many little new free nations of Europe except the

leagued might of unselfishness. In this field no nation has a record so nearly flawless as America; in the Philippines, in Cuba, in all our National wars save the first Mexican slaveholders' war, in China, even in Turkey—Lord Bryce has said that the only international influence which has ever helped Turkey has been American teachers and missionaries. President Wilson is on the other side of the sea to carry America's message, to nations that have been walking in the darkness of territorial and commercial concession and aggression, that there can be no lasting peace based on selfishness, that the world that would have peace must pay the price.

The leadership of democracy at home needs to be a leadership that can think and draw the Nation forward. Following the Napoleonic wars, in the Congress of Vienna and thereafter, the rulers of Europe formed a Holy Alliance against the alleged perils of representative government. And Europe ever since has been struggling to free herself from the dead hand of that settlement and the irrationality of that ghostly fear. It would be the irony of history if now the specter of Bolshevism should frighten into reaction the great free nations of the world. But here, too, the spirit of American democracy points the way. What is needed is, not Socialism, declares the genius of America, for Socialism is revealed by the war as lacking in the national instinct or the capacity to compel internal or external order, well-being, or peace; not an industrial democracy imposed entirely by government from above; but industrial democracy wrought out also by voluntary co-operation from within.

The other day there met in Atlantic City a gathering of National leaders of industry, the programme of whose leader-

ship startled the country. The foremost representatives of the Steel and Standard Oil and nearly all the other great manufacturing corporations of America proposed by self-determination an age of industrial peace. Except in spots, you would suppose that you were reading the proceedings of Mr. Gompers and the American Federation of Labor. The right of workers to organize and bargain collectively is conceded. No longer must the worker be regarded as a commodity or a producing machine or as a number on a time sheet or a payroll, but as a human being who with God and democracy counts one. The programme contemplates a general movement for the introduction of representative government through joint councils of employers and employees in separate industries; the right of the average worker to at least a high minimum living wage and to regularity of employment; the recognition of a changed earth and of a new birth of democracy and the need of a great new programme of economic and social well-being. The world-wide working-class yearning, startlingly revealed by the war, for an opportunity to live a happier and more human life finds unexpected and sympathetic response in the great congress of American business. If this extraordinary impulse of leadership finds lodgment in the sound heart of business America, then here is industrial statesmanship. And political statesmanship as well. This is the way to lay the specter of Bolshevism. Here is no reactionary holy alliance against discontent and despair. Here is genuine National politics in the making, the reconciliation of the economic and the ethical motive, of the doctrine of gain with the doctrine of conduct and service.

## AN ENGLISH UNIVERSITY IN WAR TIME

BY ARTHUR EVERETT SHIPLEY, SC.D., F.R.S.

MASTER OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

THE atmosphere of a university is as illusive as the charm of a person. Neither can be weighed, measured, or calibrated, and yet both are there and are readily recognized. The attractiveness of Cambridge before the war consisted largely in the presence of youth. They came up to us at an age "when to be young is very heaven." There is also the charm of stately and ancient buildings; the charm of the chimes of the university and college bells ringing from the slender clock-towers; the charm of paddling up on a summer's evening for tea at Grantchester—Rupert Brooke's Grantchester; the charm of strolling over to Coton through the meadows *wo das betreten's nicht verboten*; the sight of the graceful figures clad in white on the cricket-field on a hot June afternoon, or the looking on at the more strenuous struggle of the football field as the sun begins to sink on a November afternoon.

Then again there is the charm of almost

infinite association with the past. Think of Wordsworth in his room above the kitchens of St. John's:

"The Evangelist St. John my patron was:  
Three Gothic courts are his, and in the first  
Was my abiding-place, a nook obscure;  
Right underneath, the College kitchens made  
A humming sound, less tunable than bees,  
But hardly less industrious."

Think of him again as he frequents the rooms traditionally assigned to John Milton at Christ's, rooms in which he tells us he became intoxicated. It must have been with memories, not with wine, for, as his biographer has pointed out, the Poet Laureate's standard of intoxication "was always deplorably low."

A certain pageantry is also there. Only a few weeks ago, in the dim light of an autumn day, the Bishop of Lincoln inducted the newly elected Provost of King's

College into his office. Accompanied by clergy and by choir, he moved to solemn organ tones along the aisles of the greatest of all Perpendicular chapels to hear the newly appointed Provost recite the Lord's Prayer and to confer upon him his episcopal blessing.

Much of this charm went with the war. No longer were the students seen boating or playing. The chimes were silenced, the streets darkened. It was not even allowed to strike matches in the streets of our shrouded East Anglian towns.

Long before conscription came the University students, almost to a man, enlisted. Our numbers fell from four thousand to four hundred, and most of those left were either of neutral nationalities or from Asia. Gradually Cambridge, always a strategic center—for it is on the southern edge of the impassable fens—filled with troops. In August, 1914, the Sixth Division encamped on the numerous open spaces which are spread through the Uni-

versity town. They were among the first to leave our shores to fight in France, and not one tithe of them have ever returned. Later the Welsh Division replaced them, only to leave for the tragic heights of Gallipoli.

After about a year of war the Government took over our almost empty college buildings, and soon the student was replaced by the cadet. Many of these were public school and university men, most of them soldiers who had seen service in the ranks; all were now being trained to become officers. The sound of the bugle replaced the college clocks and the chapel bells. As time wore on and as England's manhood was depleted, older and older men were thrown into the ranks of the cadets, and by the summer of 1918 men of forty-eight and fifty were being trained by subalterns young enough to be their grandsons.

It is traditionally said that nothing is sacred to a sapper, yet these cadets, coming from all classes of society, from every kind of calling, from every part of the widely scattered British Empire, inured to the trenches, invariably respected the prejudices of the few elderly dons left in residence. The grass lawns in our courts were even more inviolable to them than they were to the normal students. Some months ago the War Office sent down a new colonel to take charge of these three thousand officers-in-training. He called upon me to ask officially how the troops which were to come under his command were behaving. I asked him to step to the window, and I pointed out to him the spotless, smooth-shaven grass-plots in the college court. All I said to him was, "That, sir, is how the cadets are behaving."

Not only had the students all disappeared and all the dons of military age gone, but those who were older than

these gave their untiring services in the various Government offices. Cambridge has a very large scientific school, and in every department where science was required our scientific staff was fully and most fertile employed. Classical and literary men went into Government offices in London, and one met Oxford and Cambridge dons more often in Whitehall than in the streets of their respective universities. Our lecture-rooms and laboratories were closed, our libraries deserted.

Still there were many activities left to the few who remained in residence. At the beginning of the war Cambridge, being situated near our eastern coast, was subjected to an invasion of Belgians fleeing from "the wrath to come." We started in October a small Belgian university, with some one hundred and fifty to two hundred students and about thirty professors. By October, 1914, we had four faculties in existence, and by January, 1915, we had six. At the end of the first year of war the Belgian Government closed this down, sending the younger men to fight or placing the medically unfit in munition factories. Our Belgian guests were succeeded by an influx of Serbian boys, many of whom were educated and boarded free in the various colleges which build up the University of Cambridge. There was nothing more heroic in this war than the conduct of those Serbian mothers forcing their boys from their mountain homes to the sea-coast, knowing that in all probability they would never see them again. Eighteen thousand boys, varying in age from six to sixteen, marched from the mountains down to the shores of the eastern Adriatic. Six thousand perished on the way. Those that reached the shore were taken by the Italians to Sicily, and then by the French to Corsica, where they were sorted out

and sent wherever there were kindly people willing to receive them. About a hundred and fifty came to Cambridge, and are there being cared for, clothed, and taught.

I began this article by recalling a few of the charms of Cambridge. Even during and after the war the traditions and the buildings remain, and will remain. A young American private from the Southern States whom I was one day showing around our college said to me, in his sweet, soft, Georgian voice, "We had not thought, sir, that such buildings could exist."

Will they fill up again? I think they will. Already the "King's Dominions beyond the Seas" are sending many of their wounded sons to complete with us their broken education. Wounded men discharged from the army are slowly returning, and it is to be hoped that during the necessarily long period of demobilization the Government of the United States will send its younger officers for a term or two to see something of English university life. Preparations for their welcome have already been made.

Cambridge can never be the same again. Nothing can ever be the same again. But our numbers fell off sadly during our Civil War, during the Napoleonic wars, during the Crimean War; and they after a time more than recovered. What we can never recover is the loss of those who have died for their country. Probably no university has suffered more. Some twelve to thirteen per cent of the total number of British officers killed were Cambridge men. Out of fifteen thousand fighting, nearly three thousand are killed and three thousand are wounded, and, in spite of the armistice, the toll still mounts.

In no time of her long history has Cambridge been so stricken and so proud.

## THE ADVENTURES OF THÉOPHILE<sup>1</sup>

### V—FOUR DAYS' LEAVE

BY DONAL HAMILTON HAINES

THÉOPHILE stood on the pavement outside the station and adjusted his cap at a slightly more rakish angle. The angle would tend to make him more conspicuous, which was exactly what he desired. He had come to Paris not merely to see, but to be seen, and, since he was very short, he would have to take some measures to achieve the desired degree of high-visibility.

For some moments, with a fine sense of luxurious ease, Théophile puffed a cigarette, regarded so much of Paris as was visible, and devoted his mind to the question of walking or taking a cab.

"If I ride," he pondered, "I shall feel more important; perhaps I shall look it; but I shall have no opportunity to share

my emotions or to enjoy the emotions of others. Furthermore, pleasures should be prolonged, and riding will shorten them. I walk."

He set off, carefully choosing a gait just swift enough to permit a slight swag, but not so fast as to mar the pleasure of deliberation. He paused before all shop windows which interested him and many which did not.

It was two years and a half since Théophile had set his heels upon the pavements of Paris, and, like all true Parisians, he was at his best only in the atmosphere of the capital. On almost every day of those two years and six months he had pictured to himself this return. He had pictured it in a thousand different ways, but always with himself as the central figure, Paris a mere background. He had been to the wars; he had achieved

something in the way of fame; he was returning. Surely there were the elements for a species of triumph.

But, though far from a modest and retiring nature, his might be described as discriminatingly vain. He had no thought that all the city would be echoing with his deeds, that his appearance would be everywhere marked. Only in that neighborhood immediately surrounding the Golden Bull Café could he reasonably expect genuflections and homage. There he was known. There, capped and aproned, he had for years constructed omelets, ragouts, dishes without number, there he had indeed acquired that culinary skill which had made him famous as cook of the Tenth Company Blankth Infantry of the line, and there surely he would find his legitimate sphere of triumph.

One does not reach the Golden Bull

<sup>1</sup> Each of the stories in this series is complete in itself and entirely independent of the others.—THE EDITORS.

by keeping to well-known thoroughfares. It is a modest place, its patrons journalists, students, artisans of the better class, its location in keeping with the costumes of the diners and the prices upon the menu cards. At best it is a long walk from the Gare du Nord. As Théophile paced it, it was long indeed.

Two considerations shortened the strides of his sturdy little legs. First, he wished to enjoy to the full the stares of passers-by; in the second place, he wished to plan his entrance in detail. On the first score Théophile was thrice blessed in that he did not understand why everybody stared at him. He did not know that with his fierce mustaches, pointed beard, undersized figure, and antiquated uniform he looked like a grotesque caricature of Napoleon III. In his own eyes he was simply a war-worn veteran enjoying the admiration of the civilian public.

And there were varied aspects of his dramatic entrance which demanded time for enjoyment in advance.

First, from the doorway he would salute the company at table (he had planned his entrance upon a full room). Then he would address Madame Mescalles in her little wire-screened cage. The waiters—all of whom he had abused—he would patronize. Then into the kitchen. In the corner Adèle Basse would be bending over her pans of steaming suds. He would take in her trim figure with a swift glance, then pass to the others, leaving her till the last.

It was Adèle, of course, who really mattered, who gave point to the whole business of this four days' leave. Three years Théophile had stormed in vain at the portals of her affections. There had been difficulties: his diminutive stature (Adèle was rather tall), his unfortunate lack of means, a host of other suitors. At the very moment when war seized him the little chef had felt that she was close to yielding, sensed in her manner a certain softness, marked an increased casualness in her dealings with her other admirers. Now, surely, all barriers would be swept away! What was the lack of a few inches in one who had served his country? Had he not saved his pay? Were those other louts to be compared to the not unknown cook of the Tenth Company? Hardly!

Théophile turned a corner into the familiar street. A slight exclamation escaped him. It seemed strangely still and empty.

"I am a trifle late," he explained to himself. "They are all at table."

With lowered eyes he approached the door of the Golden Bull, turned the knob, stepped in, straightened his figure, and stood breathless. An instant he feared that he had opened the wrong door, then familiar objects caught his eye. Yes, it was the Golden Bull—but that was all.

No noisy chatter mingled with the clattering of knives and plates. The number of tables had been reduced by half. A solitary old man ate in a corner, two women on the opposite side of the room. A single untidy waiter of more than middle age

stifled yawns against the wall. In the wire cage which had sheltered Madame Mescalles's portly figure a bald-headed man was doing listless things with pencil and paper. No one glanced up at Théophile's entrance.

"Name of a pipe!" ejaculated the thunderstruck warrior; "am I asleep or has all the world gone mad?"

A few seconds he stood pulling his mustache in uncertainty, meditating flight, then almost timidly he approached the bald-headed man.

"Madame Mescalles is no longer here?" he asked.

The man marked his place in his computations with a dirty finger and glanced up.

"Dead," he answered, indifferently.

"A great loss! A disaster!" declared Théophile. "And Gaston, Louis, Philippe"—he named some of the vanished waiters.

"Gone to the war."

Théophile hesitated a little before the question which must be asked, yet whose answer he dared not hear.

"And Mademoiselle Basse?" he asked finally, in a voice not too steady. "She, too, is gone, perhaps?"

"In the kitchen," said the man, and returned to his sums.

The heart of Théophile gave a great bound. His figure, which had sagged dejectedly, recovered some of its customary sprightliness. He cleared his throat.

"I am Théophile Gelas," he announced.

The man gave a grunt which might have meant anything, and continued penciling without looking up. Théophile waited, incredulous, but nothing happened.

"For eight years before the war," he explained, "I was chef of the Golden Bull." He permitted another impressive pause, but the man behind the screen gave no sign. "Monsieur permits that I go into the kitchen?" he finished.

The answer was another grunt which did not make it clear whether Monsieur permitted or had strong objections. Théophile drew his own conclusions, stalked through the room with a glance which passed over the head of the now slightly interested waiter, and flung open the door into the kitchen.

For an instant the ardent lover was engulfed in the appalled craftsman. That kitchen which had been Théophile's pride, which had been a model of order and neatness, a place clean beyond belief, had become a fearful clutter of unwashed dishes, food, and cooking utensils, its walls grimy, its floor an offense to the eye, its atmosphere an indescribable memory of all the unsavory meals cooked in it.

Out of a horrified daze Théophile emerged to find himself confronting a tall, fair-haired woman who was staring at him, hand on hip.

"Adèle!" he muttered.

There followed nothing of that rather touching scene which Théophile had pictured. True, he did not play his own part, but, under the circumstances, it was beyond him.

Mademoiselle Basse did not appear

overcome by her emotions. She continued to stare at Théophile much as she might have stared at any intruder.

"What are you back for?" she demanded, coldly.

Feebly Théophile tried to rise to his abandoned rôle.

"For what reason alone would I return, Adèle?" he asked, eloquently.

"Because you tried to make somebody else do most of the work, I suppose," she replied; "or killed a few officers with your cooking. Where did you get those clothes?"

"My uniform?"

"Uniform! I've seen many real soldiers, but none of them in things like those."

Théophile glanced down at his precious red trousers.

"Because of a particular service I am permitted to wear the scarlet trousers," he explained with dignity.

Her glance, swift and scornful, traveled over the battered regimentals, then sped to the new chef of the Golden Bull.

"Did you hear that, Adrien?" she asked.

"A likely tale!" observed Adrien.

Théophile observed this creature for the first time—a lean, smirking, pasty-faced individual with a scraggly mustache and little tufts of hair in front of his ears—observed him thoughtfully, then went forward like a small tornado, a casual rolling-pin in his hand. Happily for Adrien, he knew the geography of the Golden Bull's kitchen as well as his predecessor, and the rear door slammed to and covered his precipitate retreat. Master of the field, Théophile turned round.

"Now," he observed, "one can talk."

If he expected Adèle to be reduced to complaisance by this show of superior prowess, he was doomed to disappointment. Life in the embattled camps appeared to have made the cook forget some of the peculiarities of the opposite sex. The girl faced him, flushed and furious.

"So!" she cried. "It is doubtless thus you think to impress me, M. Théophile Gelas! You come back from the army—a deserter, a rejected one, how should I know what?—dressed in somebody else's old clothes, strutting about, and making yourself absurd. You come into this kitchen, which has been peaceful enough since your departure, and turn it into bedlam!"

"Adèle!" he protested.

"Save your soft speeches," she advised. "Let me save you breath by telling you that I am promised to Adrien, who is something of a man."

"Then why did he flee just now?" demanded Théophile.

"Because he is too delicate to shed blood before me," she replied, haughtily, "and too fine a cook to destroy his own kitchen with his just rage. Perhaps you thought him a coward? Bah! He has served two years, not as a cook skulking in the rear, but a fighting man in the front line. He has four wounds, he can no longer serve; but, instead of sitting in the sun and boasting, as some I might name would

# CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



(C) International Film Service

PRESIDENT WILSON ON HIS ARRIVAL IN FRANCE—A CHARACTERISTIC FACIAL EXPRESSION, REFLECTING HIS  
ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME WHEREVER HE APPEARS



(C) Western Newspaper Union

# HOME AGAIN, IN FINE FETTER—RETURNING TROOPS ARRIVE IN NEW YORK HARBOR

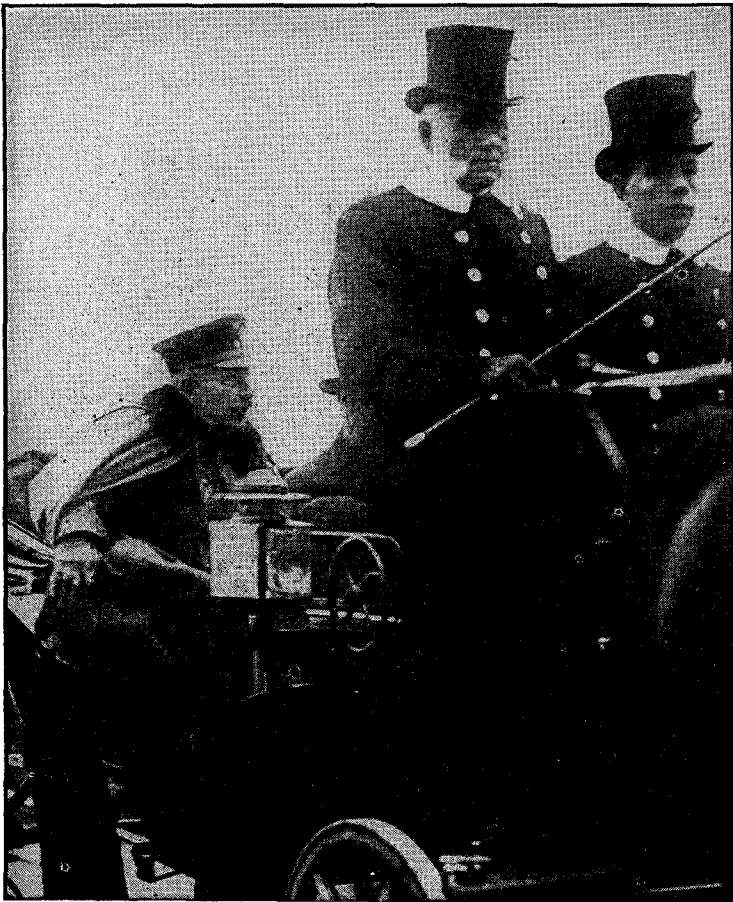
The men, it will be seen, are all ready, with their equipment, for the signal to debark when the ship is docked. Troops are now arriving by the thousand, to the acclaim of shrieking whistles and enthusiastic plaudits on the part of welcoming friends—who comprise all patriotic Americans



(C) Underwood & Underwood

# HOME AGAIN, WOUNDED—TRAFFIC ON FIFTH AVENUE HALTS IN SYMPATHY WITH THE SOLDIER

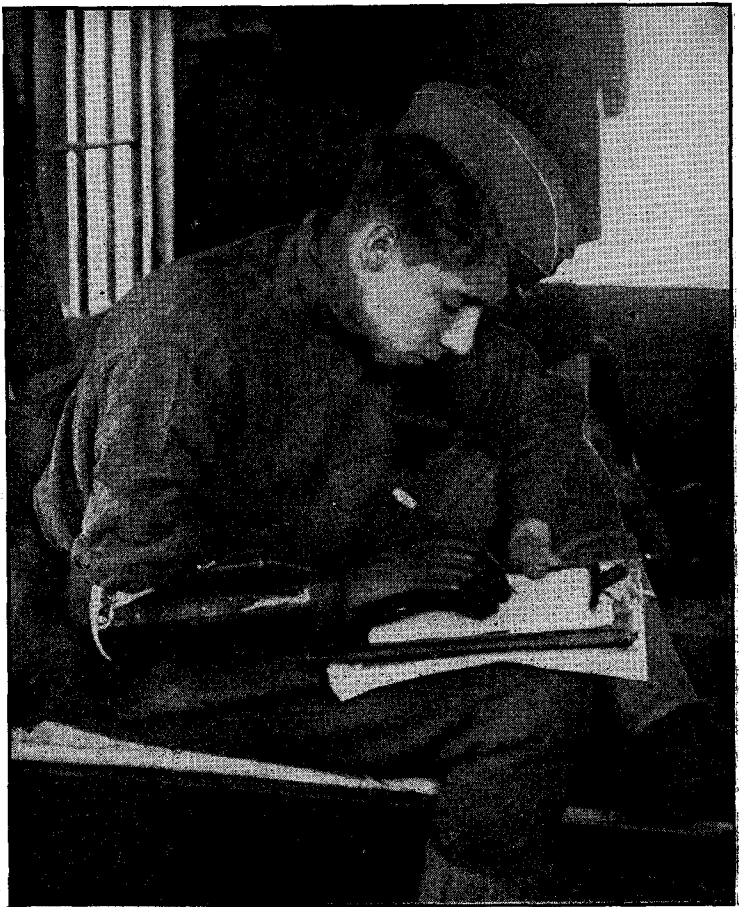
Our returning forces of all classes are received with open arms, but there is an especially tender feeling for the man who has been crippled by the war; the above picture gives evidence of this feeling on the part of a New York City traffic policeman in one of the busiest streets in America



(C) Underwood & Underwood

#### THE EX-KAISER DRIVING IN THE GROUNDS OF AMERONGEN CASTLE

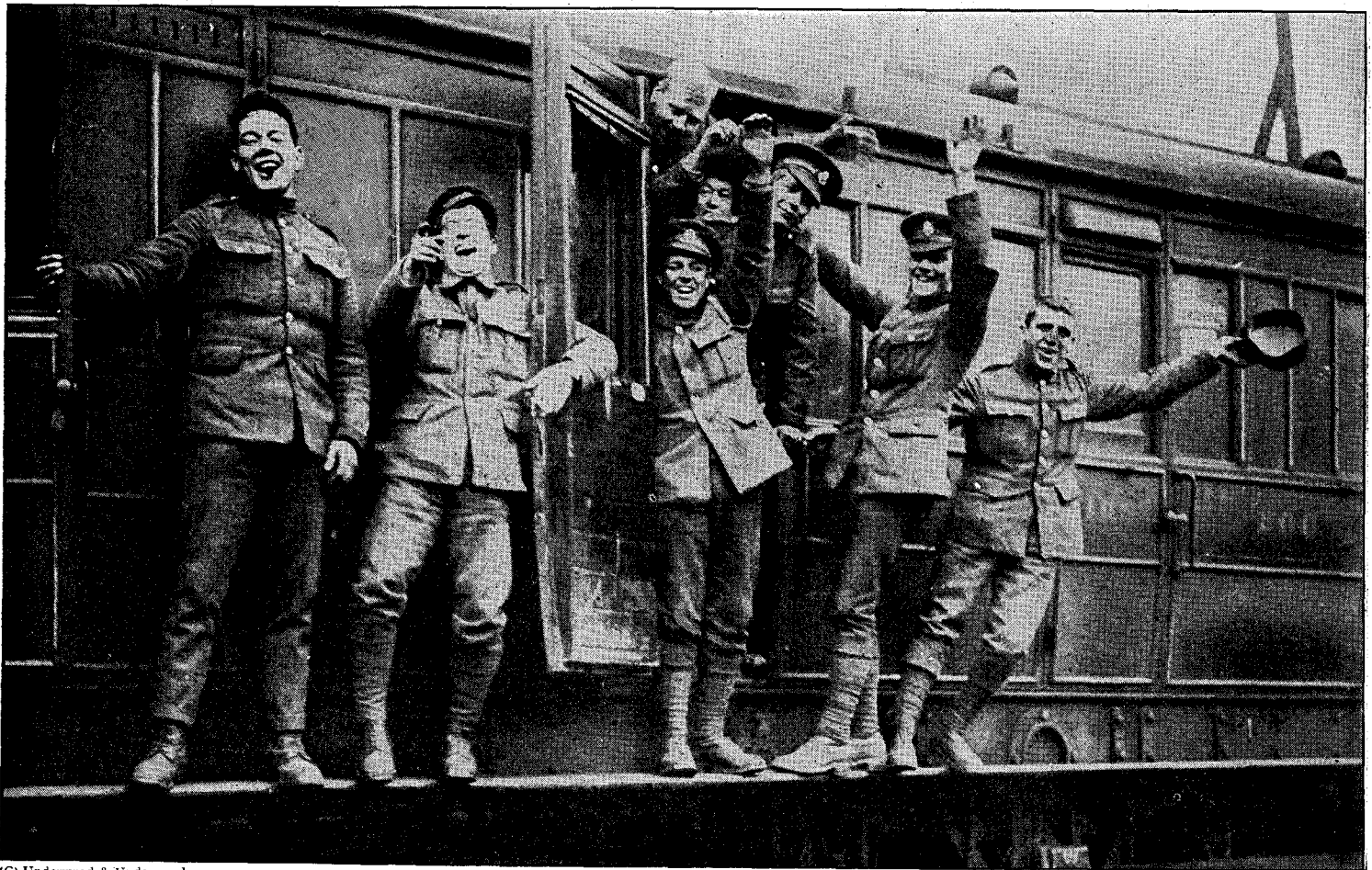
This photograph, one of the first showing the former Kaiser in exile, gives evidence by the drawn expression of William's face of his recent tragical experiences



Central News Photo Service

#### LEARNING TO WRITE A LETTER WITH THE NEW ARTIFICIAL ARM

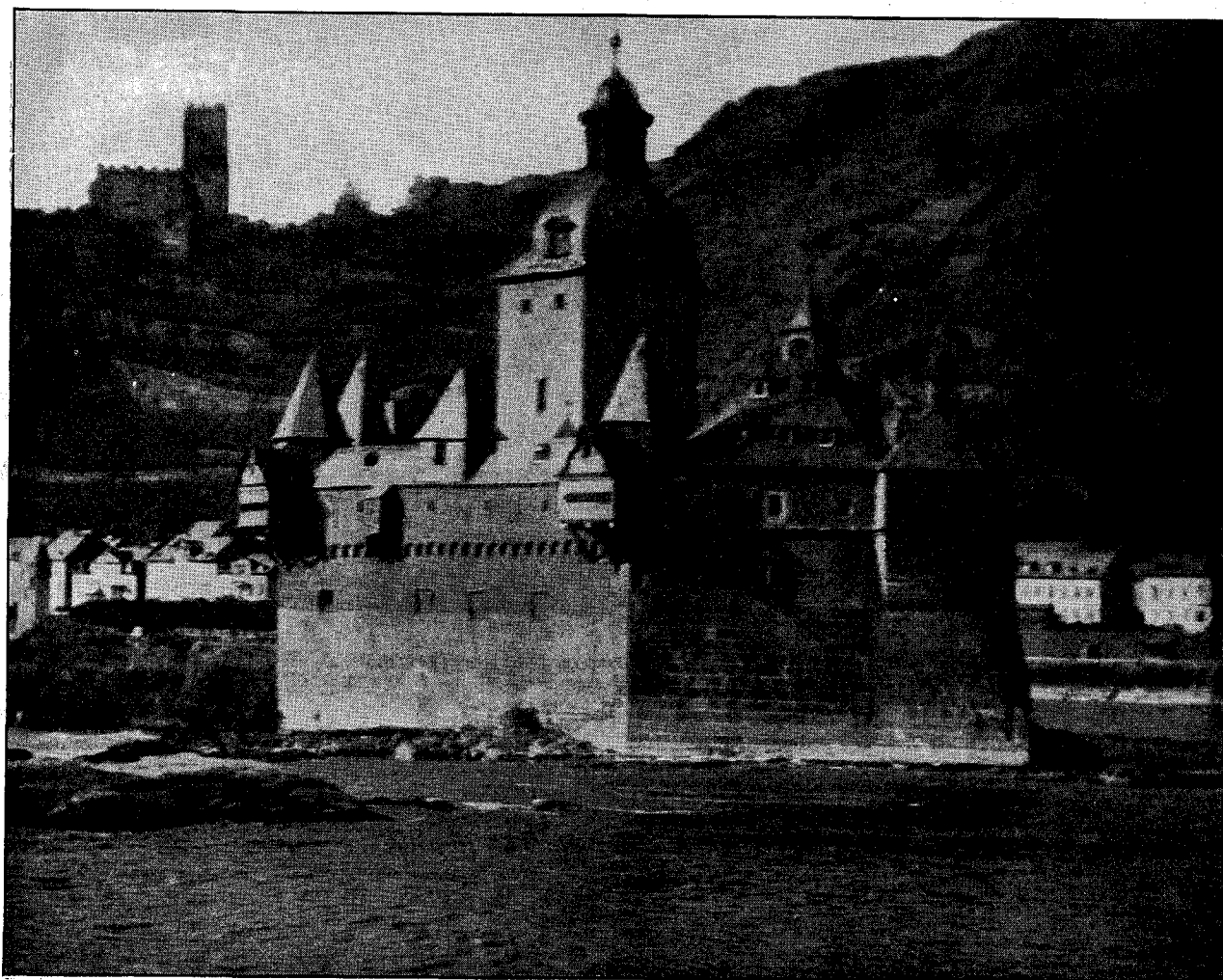
The disabled soldier will now have a better chance to overcome his handicap than ever before in war's history; artificial hands, arms, and legs will assist him



(C) Underwood & Underwood

#### JOYFUL BRITISH SOLDIERS COME BACK TO "BLIGHTY"

The British soldier loves his home so dearly that during the war he sometimes counted himself fortunate if he received a wound so severe that he had to be sent "back to Blighty." The cheering men in the picture are going home unscathed, and they form a pleasant contrast to the lugubrious countenance of the ex-Kaiser in the picture above, in his place of exile in Holland



Photographs by H. H. Moore, of The Outlook Staff

#### FORTIFICATIONS ON THE RHINE, WITHIN THE ZONE OCCUPIED BY THE ALLIES

The picture at the top of the page shows a part of the great fortress of Ehrenbreitstein (opposite Coblenz), called the Gibraltar of the Rhine and capable of holding an army of 100,000 men. It is now occupied by American forces under command of Colonel Robert E. Boyers. The other photograph shows the picturesque mediæval fort called the Pfalz, which is built on a ledge in the middle of the river. It was used in the Middle Ages to levy toll on the commerce of the Rhine. A legend connects it with an early King of France—Philip Augustus II, whose prospective bride, Agnes of Bavaria, is said to have eloped with another lover and spent her honeymoon in this isolated place. The Countesses Palatine, her descendants, the story goes, honored her memory by also passing their honeymoons in the Pfalz

do, he works. Perhaps now, M. Gelas, you will be so good as to withdraw."

Crushed, his ready tongue without a retort, Théophile was on the point of complying when an interruption saved him. A stout, if senile, voice was heard shouting something in the *salle à manger*, and presently there shot through the door the enlivened figure of the seedy waiter, bearing a plate in his hands and seemingly fearful of an attack from the rear.

"The monsieur sends it back," he explained, shakily. "He protests that it is not fit to eat."

"Comment!"

An altered, a totally different Théophile sprang suddenly to life.

"What is this?" he shouted. "A guest complains of the food at the Golden Bull? Impossible! Let me see what you have, blockhead!"

He observed with a staring eye the plate which the waiter handed him.

"Sacred name of a little pig!" he ejaculated; "what is it supposed to be?"

"An omelet."

Théophile's gesticulating hands were raised toward heaven.

"No wonder he sends it back!" he cried. "Go this instant and tell the insulted, the outraged monsieur that in six minutes he shall have, not an eggy crime, but a veritable omelet. And you, Adèle, give me eggs, milk, the ingredients. See to it that the oven is hot. *Va t'en!* Bestir yourselves!"

Instantly the former chef of the Golden Bull had returned to his lost kingdom. Before his righteous wrath the waiter fled, the virago-like Adèle became a cringing kitchen wench. In precisely seven minutes the waiter brought back word that the monsieur declared he had not eaten such an omelet since the Germans took Liège.

With a superb manner (covertly observed by Adrien through a chink in the outer door) Théophile washed his hands and resumed his discarded coat and cap.

"*Bien!*" he exclaimed; "there may be some to whom this has been a lesson."

But he had no heart to go back through the cheerless dining-room. He went out by the rear door. The luckless Adrien did not hear his approach in time and remained within reach.

"Ha!" shouted Théophile, in much the tone employed by a veteran in using the bayonet, and his heavy army boot found its target with unerring aim and satisfying violence. With a howl Adrien passed through the door with but slight use of his feet.

Alone in the dreary streets, however, the cook of the Tenth Company soon lost the fiery zeal of the last few months. It had been a mistake to spend the precious leave in Paris. What had he found? A city which knew him not, a Golden Bull fallen into disrepute, a woman false, preferring to him a pasty-faced skulker who had probably never so much as donned a uniform.

"And there lie before me three more such days!" mourned Théophile.

He spent the balance of the day most wretchedly. To begin with, it rained. Now

the cook of the Tenth Company was inured to all sorts of inclemencies of weather, but he did not prefer rain for the days of his leave. It was depressing. It drove to shelter the crowds which were his chief delight. At intervals it ceased raining and Théophile sallied out of some place of refuge only to be driven back by fresh downpours.

By four o'clock in the afternoon he was dolefully fingering the coins in his pocket and meditating a return to his regiment without further delay. Paris was full of soldiers, among whom he seemed to be the only one who did not possess a host of friends. He had counted upon the friends of other days, and they were not. And the one thing quite intolerable to him was loneliness.

His measures became those of desperation. He fraternized for a time with a knot of dark-skinned newly arrived Moroccans. They had considerable difficulty in understanding each other, drank together in some amity, and parted for reasons not wholly clear to Théophile. Later he made overtures to a party of cavalymen, who gibed at his uniform. Hostilities were narrowly avoided. His last venture was a group of Americans, one of whom spoke a species of French. They gave him up when they discovered that he was only a cook.

"Certainly," Théophile decided after this last fiasco, "I shall return to the front this very night."

He determined, however, to close his abbreviated leave in a reckless blaze of glory. He would dine at the most sumptuous restaurant he could find, one of those places which in ordinary times would have been closed to him, but might now perhaps be precariously entered because of his uniform. Under a lamp he counted his wealth.

"It will suffice," he decided. "I may even finish splendidly with a *demi-tasse* and one of those American cigars of appalling length, which I heartily detest, but which unquestionably confer much distinction."

Now for all ordinary purposes the courage of Théophile Gelas was more than sufficient, but the present crisis was one demanding all his stoutness of heart. To know that one's uniform alone stands between one and the scornful rough handling of doormen is not pleasant. As Théophile approached the portals his heart almost failed him, his step faltered.

"*Tiens!*" he muttered; "my legs are becoming as water. Perhaps, after all—"

But as he wavered decision was thrust upon him. Coming straight toward him, arm in arm, were Adèle and the detested Adrien.

Time had hardly been given to Théophile for the examination of his feelings toward the faithless Adèle. Certainly they had altered; whether they had altered beyond hope of repair he could not at the moment say. But beyond any possible doubt he must display no faint-heartedness in her presence. How better could he prove his infinite superiority to the spineless Adrien than by a bold entrance

into a restaurant before whose door Adrien would not dare so much as pause?

Instantly Théophile drew his meager figure to its full height, settled his cap at the most desired angle, and took toward the doorway the first bold step, observing from the corner of his eye the effect of his movement upon the approaching pair.

Unfortunately, he had no chance to take a second step. At this moment there swung up to the curb a huge army car, from which spry orderlies in bright uniforms sprang out, doors were flung open, and there descended to the sidewalk a little knot of officers. Every uniformed man near by stiffened instantly to attention, Théophile first of all.

The five officers who descended from the car were all men of middle age or more, and the features of the one who moved a pace in advance were perhaps better known at the moment than any other face in all France. The General, glancing easily about him, caught sight of Théophile, stiffly at salute, returned it, then checked himself and half turned, giving the diminutive figure in the scarlet trousers a more searching look.

"A moment, messieurs," he said to his companions; then to the astounded cook, "Are you, by any chance, one Gelas?"

Théophile, stupefied and trembling, yet found his tongue.

"Yes, my General."

"Given name Théophile?"

"Yes, my General."

The General nodded as he turned to the others.

"I thought so," he muttered. "There could hardly have been two." Then he raised his voice slightly. "Messieurs," he said, "this is Private Théophile Gelas, a cook, a brave man, and a soldier. Circumstances prevent his shouldering a rifle, but I happen to have heard of some few of the things he has done. He has thwarted German mining operations, cooked so well for a brigade staff that they nearly fattened themselves out of service, and more recently perhaps saved the life of a valued colonel of the General Staff. Unhappily, military decorations are at the moment out of the question, but I shall ask each of you to shake this good soldier by the hand."

And there, on the pavements of Paris, with all the city (it appeared to him) looking on, in front of the most fashionable of all restaurants, Théophile Gelas's hand was shaken in turn by a marshal of France, two full generals, a brigadier, and a colonel!

Speech, coherent thought, sensation almost, were beyond the overwhelmed cook of the Tenth Company. Some seconds later he seemed to emerge from a daze. The brilliant gathering of officers had vanished, but he was still the center of all glances.

To enter the restaurant now was evidently impossible. Théophile saluted the closed door through which the officers had vanished, and walked forward, his feet touching only clouds, his stout heart hammering as never before it had hammered.

Two squares he walked, unconscious

of direction, purpose, anything save the floods of wonderful, tingling pride and joy which shot through his veins, ere he became aware of a voice, insistent, at his heels.

"Théophile!" the voice repeated, almost fearfully. "Dear Théophile!"

He turned. Adèle, in tears, was a few paces behind. In her wake, a shaking bag of terrors, scuttled the luckless Adrien.

"Ah, Théophile, can you forgive me?" implored the girl.

To a looming hero clemency is the easiest, perhaps the most gratifying, vent for emotion. Théophile discovered that to forgive them would be very pleasant. He had discovered that never again could he experience the same regard for Adèle (how could he ever have dreamed of love?); but she was for all that a good girl, deserving at least his mercy. His

gesture was really wasted in the darkened street.

"I forgive you—both," he declared.

He gave them time for speech, but they had no words.

"Now," he continued, "let us dine."

Meekly unquestioning, they followed him. He led them back to the very door before which the miracle had taken place, paused as though to enter, then fingered his beard in seeming uncertainty.

"No," he decided, finally; "there is no cook in Paris save myself who can do justice to this night's events. My children, we return to the Golden Bull, where I, Théophile Gelas, will prepare a banquet!"

Again they followed. After an interval Théophile spoke once more.

"Business," he remarked, "is not too good at the Golden Bull, I take it?"

"Monsieur," Adrien replied with deference, "it is ruinous."

"I thought as much. *Bien!* I have four days' leave. I thought to return to the front to-night, as I can be spared with difficulty. Instead I shall return to the Golden Bull, and for these three days I shall resume my place; I shall restore the place to fame and prosperity; I shall teach you, Adrien, how to cook! *Comment?*"

"Monsieur overwhelms me!" gasped Adrien.

"M. Théophile is too good!" echoed Adèle.

"In war," he told them, with a wonderful sweep of the arm, "one learns not to be small."

Then he took an arm of each.

"Come!" he commanded, and led them, shining faintly in his reflected glory, toward the Golden Bull.

## WHEN THE FAT YEARS RETURN

BY F. C.

When the fat years return, and, rich and free,  
You half forget, as men have ever done,  
The price once paid for your security,  
Thinking too much of fortune lost or won,  
Too much of pride and laughter, food and ease,  
Or of some public favor cheaply earned,  
Oh, then turn back the page and think of these  
Who gave their bodies for freedom to be burned—  
For these lived too; they too loved ease and laughter,  
Sunlight, the green earth. All that you still keep  
They had, and more—vision. If you come after  
And dare forget them, buried so young, so deep,  
And dare forget this faith for which they stood,—  
Ah, but you will not, being of their blood!

Ambulance 1/86, Western Front.

## A YEAR IN THE ARMY AND ITS IMPRESS ON A CORPORAL BY STODDARD LANE

On the French Front.

AT the front we enjoy the luxury of a morning coffee in bed. It is brought to us by a *poilu* who is good-natured even at that early hour. You would hardly call it a sumptuous American breakfast, but the coffee is good black stuff, with plenty of waking power in it. You need something rather powerful to pry open your eyes and brain after a night's sleep in a dugout. Dugouts are not famous for ventilation. When my mind began to get rid of cobwebs this morning, its first thought was, "A year in the army;" the second was, "What have we done for the year?" the third, "What has the year done for us?"

That second item spells dissatisfaction. We don't feel that we have made much contribution to the year. For eight months now we have been at the front—off and on, but there has been too much of the "off," too many inactive spots. That has not been our fault; but we are dissatisfied just the same. I wonder why. I suppose

that every chap who comes over here has in the back of his mind something heroic, something a bit out of the ordinary. I suppose, although we don't admit it, that the eyes of all of us are set more or less on a Croix de Guerre. We have to confess to an element of desire for self-glory, to be acclaimed something of a hero. We have not had much chance at that sort of thing; hence dissatisfaction. But I think that is not quite the whole story. There is another factor; a man feels the necessity of justifying his existence. When he is sent back from the front for a stretch of *en repos*, with not a thing in the world to do, he feels quite keenly that he is not justifying his existence. His self-respect suffers. He realizes this when he gets another chance at the front and has something on his hands. There is a certain big satisfaction in being where it is noisy and where shells are dropping around rather carelessly. In a way he does not like it—no use pretending that he does; but his self-respect gets a boost. He can look the

world more squarely in the eye. He comes nearer to justifying his existence.

Then, too, I expect that any good brand of dissatisfaction is a by-product of idealism. It's queer how little we say about the real reason we came over here. But the real reason is there just the same; and it is a thoroughly idealistic one. We wanted to have a share in making the world a better place to live in. And we are dissatisfied because our share in this process is not as big as we want it to be. Our usefulness in the thing is not up to the mark we had set for it. Anyhow, I am glad we are dissatisfied if it is the kind of dissatisfaction that is akin to a "divine discontent." And I suppose that we need more of Donald Hankey's "sense of the dramatic," which sees the small part in relation to the large whole, and the little and commonplace in connection with the big.

What has the year done for us? There is no getting away from it: it has been a "different" year. It must have made

some difference to and in us. I am not going to describe any racial mind transformations or startling spiritual experiences; I do not know any. What changes there are have been unobtrusive, gradual.

I am quite certain, for one thing, that if any of us were traveling (or not traveling) in ruts before, we have been jarred out of them. With all the routine of the army, it is not a one-line proposition. It teaches adaptability. There are new conditions and situations to meet; you have to rise to meet them, particularly perhaps in a more or less individualistic branch like the ambulance service. Sometimes you are called upon to make a big bluff at a thing you have never done before. You have to make it and get away with it. You have to assume all sorts of rôles that are brand-new. To-day you don the blue mantle of a mechanic, although you know well that your mechanical genius is a minus quantity. To-morrow you may be holding the hand of a wounded man and doing your best to play the part of chaplain. Your next rôle may be that of interpreter, in spite of your flunking the French course at college. Or you may be nurse, called upon to administer copiously the army cure-all, "salts," or to bandage a rebellious ankle. The honor may be conferred upon you of being camp house-keeper for the day, or sanitary officer, or chairman of the entertainment committee, or just an ordinary K. P. Sometimes you earn the title of ditch-digger or stevedore. You are to be anything at any time, no matter how ill-fitting the robe of your rôle may be. The army ought to produce an increased crop of versatility.

And of course there is the job of adapting one's self to the modes and incidents of army life. It is surprisingly easy. You soon get used to the feel of blankets and to any old kind of bed—or none at all. Your tin dishes become a habit. The cold is never quite unbearable, nor the food absolutely uneatable. The "tremendous trivialities" are never too tremendous—not even fleas and rats. I wonder if perhaps we are not getting a better perspective on things. We are finding that formerly considered "necessities" are not necessities; that physical comforts are not things of utmost importance; that trivial things are, after all, trivial. This does not mean that we don't kick long and loudly at poor grub and leaky roofs and bumpy beds. Of course we do. We have by no means lost our appreciation of a pair of sheets or of china dishes and of napkins. But we have learned, I think, to call non-essentials non-essential, and to make a sharper distinction between them and essentials. I do not believe that any of us will go back to dedicate his life wholly to those things which he is now discovering to be side issues and incidental.

It is difficult to see how a man can be entirely trivial over here. He is living constantly in the presence of a big thing. War is a big thing. It is a terrible thing, but at least there is nothing small or petty about it. It is on a big scale. A bigness like this must have its reaction on us. It ought to chase some of the small-

ness and narrowness out of us. It ought to give us the mind habit of thinking of big things in big terms. Most of all, it ought to impress upon us very definitely that there are some things bigger than ourselves and our own petty interests. And the bigness of the cause, more intangible than the making of war itself, but more real—that is having, I am sure, an expanding effect on our inner selves. Perhaps we are coming to see ourselves in better proportion—and other things and people.

Some of us were afraid for our individualities when we joined the army. We were afraid of the repression of the army system, and its suppression of individual opinion and rights. There has been that sort of thing, sometimes to an unnecessary extent. But we do not feel that we have lost anything by a merging of our individualities into a big whole. We do not regret that the welfare of the army has taken precedence over our own welfare as individuals. We have not thought that we were cogs in a machine, but, rather, part of the life of a living thing. Speaking for myself, I can say that that fact more than counterbalances any shocks to self-respect that military matters and discipline may have given. Insignificant as our part is, it is still a part. Dwarfed as we seem in the face of this big thing, we are still of it. And I figure it a big opportunity and privilege for a man to be able to give himself to it, and to become a tiny fraction of the bigness. And I wonder if we are not finding the truth to be true—that in losing ourselves we find ourselves.

We can say this with new vigor: "I believe in man." We have found an added respect for men during this year of service. I do not mean that we have found them perfect. Strange as it may seem, that type of the species is rare in the army. Many of us are vastly imperfect and pitifully disappointing. Nor do I mean that you find startlingly unusual men on every hand. But that's just the point. These men are usual men, a very ordinary run of men; and yet they are respect-commanding. I speak of the French army, because I know it better than our own. Everybody realizes that the *poilu* does not like this war business. He "crabs" about it incessantly. But he doesn't quit. There are times when everybody's scared—we may as well admit it; but I have yet to see a coward. Better than that, the *poilu* goes to meet the thing with a smile. That's one of the biggest things about him—his smile. He takes life smilingly; all the seriousness of war has not dimmed it. You can't beat a people who smile even when they are beaten. That means courage. There are not many men who can smile when they have just had a foot shot away. I met a man the other day who could and did. The Frenchman suffers with a smile. That means more courage. Here's a chap who was a baron, another was a priest, another a clerk, another is a boy of eighteen, another a man of fifty; they sleep in the same dugout, eat the same meals, share the same life—and show the same ability to do and sacrifice with a smile.

And the smile is not the superior sort that expresses consciousness of high merit. It is the natural undaunted smile of very matter-of-fact heroes unconscious of their heroism. We take our hats off to them—with deep respect for the manhood that is in man. We are newly alive to the possibilities of personality. We may have become a little callous to the wounds and the death that claim the bodies of men out here. Perhaps we do not put as high a value on the physical life of a man as we used to. But we do value his real life; we do respect personality. We are getting away from judging a man by social glamour or by bank-roll diameter or by tailor label. The only thing that counts out here is the man.

Under these conditions, there would be slim excuse for us if we did not grow into internationalism. The Frenchman has given us every chance, especially those of us who have the privilege of serving with the French army. The old "open arms" figure just expresses the fact about the welcome he gave us. And we have been making discoveries. We have found that America has no monopoly on good men. We have found that, with all the differences, they and we are very much alike. We even discover that they have good things and good points that we have not, so that we no longer speak of our own brand as inevitably and necessarily "the Best." And, best of all, we find that the barriers of nationality, language, temperament, etc., that were supposed to be insuperable obstacles to co-operation and unity, are not in the least insuperable. All this does not mean that we love America less; far from it. It only means that our patriotism is less nationalistic and more rational. It means that our love of country is getting to be more inclusive. We are not thinking of the world in terms of America, but of America in terms of the world. In short, I hope we are becoming better citizens of the world, with an outlook that is not bounded by United States territory. There will never be a better opportunity for this becoming. The French are meeting us more than half-way on the road of internationalism. We in turn are feeling increasingly that we fight for France as well as for America. It is a world war, not only in the sense that a good part of the world is in it, but because it is for the world's sake. A narrow nationalist feels out of place over here; the issues are too big for him, the atmosphere too spacious.

If the war produces world citizens, it will have been worth while, no matter what the cost. But the world must be made safe for world citizens to live in, made a suitable habitation for international friendliness. To that end the war must be carried on and seen through. The year has brought growing realization of that. There is only one way out of the present world muddle: an uncompromising victory for the Allies and a settlement along the lines of American idealism. We who are over here join you who are over there in wanting and demanding this.

# WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

*Based on The Outlook of January 1, 1919*

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

## I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Germany's Political Kaleidoscope.

Reference: Pages 6, 7.

### Questions:

1. The Outlook says: "New parties and new combinations appear almost daily in Germany." How do you account for this? Name some of the parties and factions. 2. Give eight or ten reasons why it would seem that Germany will not become as chaotic and anarchic as Russia is. 3. Suppose the extreme Socialists should secure control of Germany and establish a proletarian dictatorship. What would this mean for Germany? For the Allies? Would it involve Allied intervention? 4. The Outlook says that "no one outside Germany can object to slowness in the working out of the political problem in Germany." What is the political problem? Ought the Allies to help solve it? Reasons. 5. The Allies cannot make a treaty with Germany until there is a responsible Government in Germany with which to make it. Give reasons why this is so. How long ought the Allies to wait for such a Government to appear in Germany? 6. Make several comparisons between the conditions in France at the close of the Franco-Prussian War in 1871 and those in Germany at present. Is history repeating itself? 7. Talk for four minutes upon the topic "No one knows what a day may bring forth in Germany." 8. Tell Germany what the A B C's of democracy are. 9. Read Gustavus Myers' book, "The German Myth" (Boni & Liveright) if you want to know the falsity of Germany's "social progress" claims.

B. Topic: Have We a League of Nations? Reference: Editorial, pages 12, 13.

### Questions:

1. Senators Knox and Lodge believe that the creation of a League of Nations should not be a part of the Peace Treaty. For what reasons does The Outlook not share their point of view? 2. Give several reasons why The Outlook should be supported in its belief that (a) Senators who honestly differ from the President should express their opinions, and that (b) those who attack them for expressing their opinions are attacking one of the Constitutional foundations of the country. 3. Name and discuss the hazards and the hopes the League of Nations would mean to the neutral countries. 4. Give several reasons why nations possessing common ideals should league together permanently. 5. Read two suggest-

ive books: "The Force Supreme," by Walter Wellman (Doran), and "The Structure of Lasting Peace," by H. M. Kallen (Marshall Jones).

C. Topic: Economic and Industrial Peace. Reference: Pages 16-18.

### Questions:

1. For what reasons does Professor Hart believe that "a peace which does not encourage and facilitate trade on a great scale will fail to make itself permanent"? 2. What can the Peace Conference do to bring about such conditions of trade? 3. Suggest reasons why "it might be good for the German soul to put it through the process it designed for others." What was that process? 4. But Professor Hart believes that "it would be extremely disadvantageous to mankind, and particularly to the United States," to do so. What are his reasons? Do you agree? Reasons. 5. Explain what Professor Hart means when he says: "The United States must 'either fish or cut bait.'" 6. Give reasons why this is a valuable article to read.

## II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: 1919.

Reference: Editorial, pages 11, 12.

### Questions:

1. The Outlook says that "liberty, equality, fraternity, are the motives of democracy." Explain why this is so. 2. What would The Outlook have liberty, equality, and fraternity mean in our educational and industrial systems? Explain and discuss. 3. What would it have these words not mean in industry? Why? 4. The Outlook believes that our present system of industry is autocratically organized. Does it prove it? Can you? 5. Should laboring people be allowed any more than enough to maintain proper living conditions? 6. Submit a few suggestions for American business men and wage-earners. 7. Read "The Citizen in His Relation to the Industrial Situation," by H. C. Potter (Yale University Press); "The Great Change," by C. W. Wood (Boni & Liveright).

## III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. No nation is fit to sit in judgment on any other nation. 2. The beliefs of the masses cannot be safely ignored.

## IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for January 1, 1919. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning in your own words. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Kaleidoscope (6); stolid obedience (7); germane (12); pact, pertinent (13); protective tariff (18); liberty, evolution, revolution (12).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

# IF

FRIENDS OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION  
WILL GIVE

## Piedmont College Right Now Twenty Thousand Dollars

It will be able to pay its teachers and meet the bills it has held up, by hook or crook, to January 1st. **If not, it cannot.**

I have stood all through this war with my back to the wall fighting for each day's needs—sometimes succeeding; sometimes defeated; but never giving up.

The call for twenty thousand dollars to remedy conditions brought by the war is not exorbitant for a College which is

**"One of the best things our Congregational folks are doing"**

(DR. ROCKWELL HARMON POTTER)

Than which we have

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(NATIONAL COUNCIL'S DEPUTATION)

## When This Sum Will Deliver It

Piedmont has been full of students during the whole war; but, as our boys are now returning from training camps, army and navy, all our accommodations will soon overflow. We have had nearly 200 boys in war service.

If all who read this appeal and who are interested in developing and training citizens from the hundreds of thousands of capable young people within the reach of Piedmont will respond the best they can, they will relieve completely this strain and set Piedmont free to do its work unfettered by deficit and debt.

## It Has Earned the Right to Make This Appeal

No sum will be too large to use with economy, and none too small to be appreciated. Please swamp my office during the next few days with checks, and I will promise to work as hard to develop Piedmont's work as I have to save it. Don't wait a minute; but write me whether it is \$5 or \$1,000, or some sum between.

Yours for success,

FRANK E. JENKINS,

DEMOREST, GA. President Piedmont College

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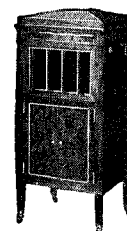


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**O**UR showing of Dress Cottons for Spring, 1919, embraces the newest textiles, designs and color combinations from France, Switzerland, Great Britain and our own country.

We would call especial attention to a fabric entirely new to this country, "ENGLISH PRINTS," made for and sold exclusively in the United States by James McCutcheon & Co. It is ideal for dresses for children, misses and grown ups. There are hundreds of quaint printed designs, in small and conventional effects, on white or tinted backgrounds. 32 inches wide. 95c yard.

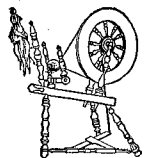
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**GINGHAMS.** For the coming season we have prepared a very interesting collection of this most fashionable fabric, every plain color and an almost endless variety of the popular checks, plaids and stripes, featuring such famous brands as "David and John Anderson," "Glen Roy" and "Lorraine." 55c to \$1.35 yard.

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\$1.25 to \$2.50 yard.



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**CREPE GEORGETTE.** A charming fabric (silk mixture) in a host of new French designs, such as foulards, spots, scrolls, floral and conventional. Considered one of the season's smart fabrics. 95c yard.

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## THE NEW BOOKS

This Department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

### FICTION

**Three Sapphires (The).** By W. A. Fraser. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.50.

A tale of East Indian intrigue and plotting, with an indirect bearing on the world war. There are many exciting incidents of hunting and personal danger. The author has evidently close knowledge of animal and forest life in India.

**Young Diana (The).** By Marie Corelli. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.50.

Readers of English fiction are divided into two classes—those who can and those who cannot read the novels of Marie Corelli. Both classes are large. Queen Victoria, it is said, belonged to Miss Corelli's admirers. Others of less exalted rank but perhaps of equally good literary judgment find this author's diction high-flown and overwrought.

### BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

**Boy with the U. S. Naturalists (The).** By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Illustrated. U. S. Service Series. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. \$1.35.

**Boys' Own Book of Great Inventions (The).** By Floyd L. Darrow. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50.

**Bun. A Wild Rabbit.** By Joseph Wharton Lippincott. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. \$1.

**Children's Homer (The).** The Adventures of Odysseus and the Tale of Troy. By Padraic Colum. Presented by Willy Pogany. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.

**Ducky Daddles' Party.** By Bertha Parker Hall. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.25.

**Fighters Young Americans Want to Know. Heroes of Our Country's Wars.** By Everett T. Tomlinson. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.60.

**Jimmie May in the Fighting Line.** By Charles Tenney Jackson. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.35.

**Little Red Riding Hood and Other Fairy Tales.** Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

**Two Alike.** By Edith Barnard Delano. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.35.

This is a well-written story for girls, with amusement and romance and mystery mingled in pleasing proportions.

### POETRY

**Christ in the Poetry of Today.** Compiled by Martha Foote Crow. Revised Edition. The Woman's Press, New York. \$2.

In this collection, to use the words of the compiler in her Introduction, "we have a sort of new biography of Jesus, each chapter of which consists of a poem written by a different author, and the whole forming the poetic reaction of our time to the thought of Jesus, what He was, what His life meant to the world, . . . and what He might yet be to the world if we would but listen to the Voice that still rings in our ears." This is not a book only for so-called "pious" people. Lovers of poetry will find here some of the most exquisite poems this generation has made.

**Gitanjali and Fruit-Gathering.** By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50.

Two of the collections of poems which first made Sir Rabindranath Tagore's reputation in the Western world are here republished in one volume, with illustrations in color and in half-tone by four Hindu artists, two of them kinsmen of the poet. The illustrations have infinite delicacy and im-

*The New Books (Continued)*

agination, differing from ninety-nine hundredths of the illustrations of Occidental artists, inasmuch as they do not limit the imagination of the reader, but carry it on.

**Springtide of Life (The).** By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. With an Introduction by Edmund Gosse. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$3.

During his later years Swinburne spoke frequently of a desire to collect all his poems of childhood into one volume. This wish has at last been carried out by his executor, Edmund Gosse, in a volume which would have been a delight to the poet himself. For the illustrations by Arthur Rackham, with their delicate loveliness and depth of imagination, are an achievement as great as the poems they illustrate. The poems and the pictures are about, rather than for, children. Mothers will cherish them.

## TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

**London and Its Environs.** Edited by Findlay Muirhead, M.A. The Blue Guides. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$4.

This guide is, as the editor announces, founded on normal rather than abnormal conditions in London, and will be very useful to the traveler when the big rush of travel begins after the four years of famine for the tourist that have just passed. Printed just before the armistice was signed, it contains this now happily out-of-date note: "The streets of London are scantily lighted after nightfall, and the stranger is strongly recommended to provide himself with an electric torch." It is modeled on the Baedeker guide-books; Mr. Muirhead was the English editor of those famous handbooks for travelers.

**Samurai Trails.** By Lucian Swift Kirtland. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$2.50.

This attractively printed and illustrated book describes a journey taken just before the war; it is a relief to turn to it from books on which the shadow of war rests and enjoy its pleasant descriptions of life in the byways of Japan. The author has a dry humor that lends additional charm to his narrative.

## WAR BOOKS

**One Hundred Per Cent American.** Addresses Delivered by Famous Patriots of all Shades of Political Belief at the Saturday Luncheon Meetings of the Republican Club, New York, during the Year 1918. Edited by Armon L. Squiers. Foreword by Theodore Roosevelt. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$2.50.

This book is a storehouse of valuable data for the historian of the war. It is more than that. It is a repository of good reading for everybody who is interested in the right settlement of the problems arising from the great conflict. It is a pity that these speeches could not have been presented in a typographical form that would have seemed less like an aggregation of pamphlets.

**Lie (The) of the 3rd of August, 1914.** The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.75.

**Vital Issues of the War (The).** By Richard Wilson Boynton. The Beacon Press, Boston.

A volume of seven sermons on "The Vital Issues of the War," such as "Germany's Will to World Power," " Militarism, Pacifism," "The Social Revolution," "Sea Power," "Making the World Safe for Democracy," "American Leadership," and "The United States of Europe." In the discourses on these subjects the spiritual end is generally absent; the discourses are politico-economic. They are not inspirational, but they will constitute suggestive reading to any one interested in post-war reconstruction of the world's affairs.



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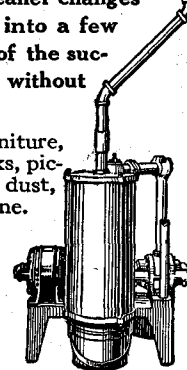
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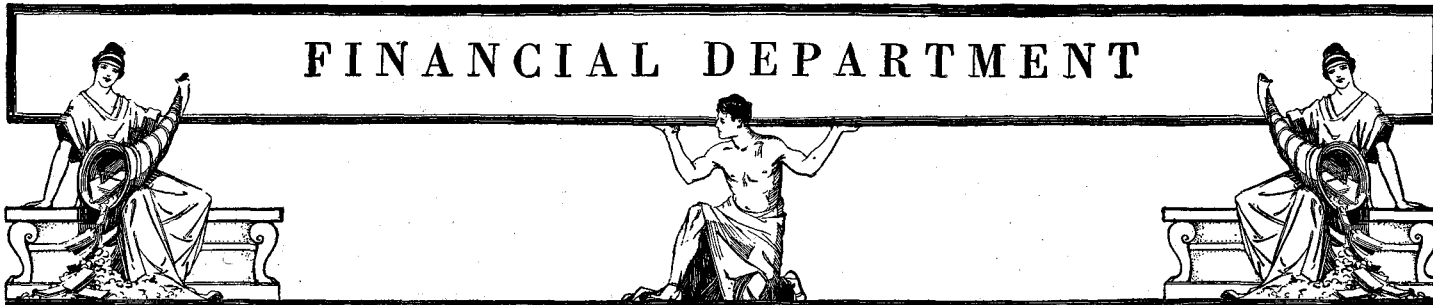
HONEY AND ALMOND

**YOU** might try all sorts of things for softening the skin but it's HINDS CREAM that softens without making the skin greasy, oily or sticky; softens so it will not chap, even tho' exposed to chilling winds; softens the hands roughened and soiled by arduous Red Cross and hospital work, household, store and office duties. —HINDS CREAM keeps cheeks and neck fresh, fair and exquisitely soft. —Added charm awaits the woman who selects these daintily-packaged requisites made by Hinds: Facial Creams, Soap, Talcum and Face Powder.

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All legitimate questions from Outlook readers about investment securities will be answered either by personal letter or in these pages. The Outlook cannot, of course, undertake to guarantee against loss resulting from any specific investment. Therefore it will not *advise* the purchase of any specific security. But it will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, leaving the responsibility for final decision to the investor. And it will admit to its pages only those financial advertisements which after thorough expert scrutiny are believed to be worthy of confidence. All letters of inquiry regarding investment securities should be addressed to

THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

### A CAPITALIST IN THE MAKING

**I**S the man with a salary of \$3,000 a year rich?  
Decidedly not—there is little cause for argument.

Is the man with a salary of \$10,000 rich?

There probably will be a difference of opinion. Some will say "No," a few may think perhaps he is.

Is the man with a salary of \$25,000 a year rich? By the majority he might be considered so. A salary, however, is a most uncertain quantity; by force of innumerable circumstances it may cease at any moment.

Is the man with an income of \$3,000 a year—obtained entirely from carefully selected investments—to be envied by the man with a salary of \$5,000?

This is not as easily answered.

A salary may be only temporary, whereas an income from capital, cautiously invested, may be perpetual. "Salary" may be defined as a periodical allowance as compensation for services, whereas "vested income" is the amount of money coming in as payment for the use of capital. The actual salary or income one enjoys is not fundamentally the most important consideration. In the last analysis, it is the ratio of savings to earnings that really counts; and the ability to save cannot be determined by the capacity to earn.

The strength of a modern business man may be measured by his financial independence. How quickly we discern the spirit of self-reliance in a man who is free from dependence upon others! His expression, appearance, opinion, his range of vision, is vastly different from that of the man involved in financial difficulties. In drawing a contract, consummating a purchase, effecting a sale, striking a bargain, or in seeking a position, a man's success is often proportional to his monetary self-confidence. The man who has saved a half-year's salary is free from disturbing money troubles, is able to give closer attention to his occupation, and obtains from it more satisfactory results; he is able to talk to his employer on a different basis than if he had only one week's salary in reserve. The man who is living for his weekly stipend—his wage—must keep his present position or he may starve. If this be his attitude and these his circumstances, he can have no initiative, he can afford to take no risk.

A successful cotton planter, in discussing his unusual freedom from labor difficulties during the entire season, gave as his expla-

nation: "I pay my colored cotton pickers every day, and they never have sufficient funds to take them to the next town." Lack of thriftiness is really bad management or thoughtlessness. Many economies are absurd and pathetic in their actuality, although real and serious in their intent. People often think they are saving when they are not. Moving a long distance to reduce rent, and paying transportation, cartage, and purchasing even necessary new equipment for the less pretentious home, is no economy. The expenditure often amounts to more than the saving in rent. After all, saving is largely a matter of efficient spending. It is better to plan beforehand than to regret afterward; and if a man plans and knows where every cent goes, he has absolute control over his pocketbook. He knows exactly what he can afford to spend, and does not worry lest he is spending money that ought to go for something else. A great many people lay out a budget—separate their fixed operating expenses from their general and household expenses, and make their savings bear a fixed ratio to the whole. It is interesting, and a man feels a just pride in having a careful record of both income and expenditures, with its confession of waste here and leak or extravagance there, and after careful perusal and study there will probably be a stronger desire to save than ever before. There is something humiliating about the ghosts of past inefficiencies. Spending, as well as saving, is a science, for a science may be defined as knowledge gained and verified by exact observation and correct thinking.

Care and wisdom in the control and manipulation of one's resources promotes thrift, and the direct result of economy is accumulation of capital.

The story is told of one of the wealthiest men of to-day that, having earned five dollars, he went at once to the savings bank to open an account, because he had just learned that by giving over his five dollars in safe-keeping to that institution he could make his money work for him, and in a year he would have not only the principal intact, but twenty cents accrued interest; and he decided then and there to add to that first deposit every dollar he could spare by self-denial and hard work. This idea, which became a principle, made this boy a rich man.

The desire to save need not necessarily be inbred—we are confronted by many

WE OWN AND OFFER  
Subject to prior sale

**\$120,000**

**1st Mortgage 6% Serial Bonds**

Secured by land and  
buildings occupied by

**Western Electric Co.**

In Detroit, Mich.

**Total Issue \$120,000**

**Value of Property \$259,000**

**Security**—These bonds are directly secured by a closed first mortgage on the land and buildings.

**Buildings**—Most modern solid brick, stone and steel construction. One, two and three stories in height with floor space of 125,300 square feet.

**Lessee**—The buildings are under thirteen year lease to the Western Electric Co. The lease has been assigned to the Federal Bond & Mortgage Co., Inc., and Mr. Nathan M. Gross, Trustees, as additional security.

**Net Earnings**—Gross annual rental—\$20,816.00. Annual expenses including Taxes and Insurance—\$2,000. Net annual income—\$18,816.

**Form**—The bonds are in Coupon Form with the privilege of registration as to principal. Denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000.

Write for further details

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*A Capitalist in the Making (Continued)*

instances proving that the habit of thrift may be acquired.

Until recently the United States has ranked last in the matter of savings. Out of one hundred persons in Switzerland sixty had savings accounts, in France about forty-three, and in the United States less than ten per cent of the population possessed a savings-bank account.

This was a very poor record for the richest country in the world. A great change and regeneration has swept over this country during the World War. Frugality has been instigated by Liberty Loan campaigns and millions of bond owners have been created. War Savings Stamps have given to those of smaller means an opportunity to display their patriotism in a substantial way and lay the foundation of thrift for their own upbuilding.

Will this great thrift army lay aside its armor and its fighting spirit at the first unrestrained relaxation of economy? It is reasonable to suppose that with abundance—and the absence of constraint—a few may return to luxury and extravagance; but the majority who have learned the joy and satisfaction that come from saving, now attained, will not hasten to return to a state of indigence—a hand-to-mouth existence, embarrassed and unmoneyed.

A significant, example illustrative of the surprisingly rapid growth of a savings account affords us an opportunity for sober reflection and serious consideration. "In 1870 ——— deposited a few dollars in the ——— Savings Bank. At frequent intervals up to 1912 more money was deposited, bringing the total amount of deposits up to \$1,303. However, the interest on the money, which had been practically untouched, had accumulated so rapidly that in 1912 the interest amounted to \$4,224 on a capital of \$1,303, and upon withdrawing \$2,500 there still remained \$3,000, or more than twice what had been put in. That is the way small savings, if left alone, will grow."

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. In what class of investment would you put the Kansas City Railways Company three year 7 per cent collateral notes? The issue is \$7,750,000 secured by deposit with the trustee of \$10,141,000 par value Kansas City Railways Company first mortgage 6 per cent bonds due 1944.

Is a mortgage of \$10,141,000 given the trustee as a basis of security for the notes? Kindly explain the transaction.

A. These notes, although well secured, are a class of security the market price of which will be apt to follow very closely the fluctuations in the company's earnings.

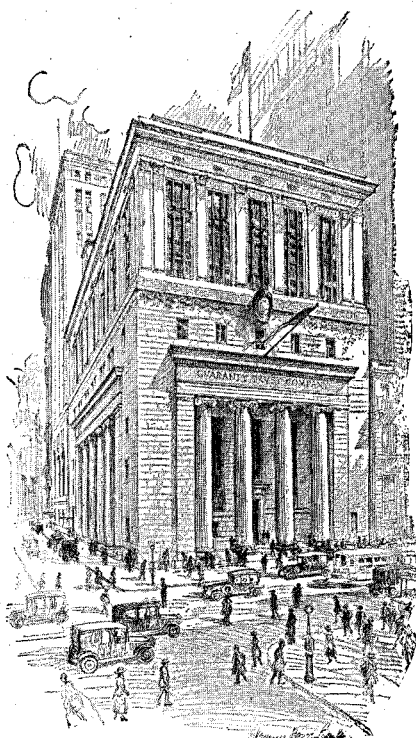
A corporation will issue notes such as these, which have but a short time to run, when conditions in the money market are such that their long-term, lower rate bonds can be placed only at a large discount. Their reasoning is that, when these notes mature, conditions may be sufficiently improved to enable them to put out the long-term securities to better advantage.

In bringing out such notes the debtor corporation pledges the long-term bonds as collateral. In this way the trustee, for the noteholders, holds part of a first mortgage on the property, and can take it over should the company let the notes default.

Q. Will you kindly explain the phrase, "tax refund in Pennsylvania," as used in connection with some bonds?

A. By placing such a clause in the indenture in issuing securities, the debtor

## Peace Conditions and Investments



## OTHER SERVICES OF THE COMPANY

**BANKING DEPARTMENT.** Transacts a general banking business; extends credit; pays interest on daily balances, and on certificates of deposit.

**FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.** Affords a complete banking service with every section of the globe.

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**TRUST DEPARTMENT.** Acts in every fiduciary capacity for individuals and corporations.

WITH the return to a peace basis, and the removal of war-time uncertainties, sound bonds and notes, at present prices, are attracting investors. Desirable issues, of both long and short term maturities, may now be had to yield a liberal income return.

To the investor seeking bonds and notes which combine, with high yield, the essential elements of a sound security, our Bond Department can be of valuable assistance.

Our Bond Department has at all times a large list of investment bonds and notes, diversified in character, which we offer and recommend for investment. It is our constant aim to suggest those securities which best meet the individual requirements of the investor.

The services of our Bond Department are available to you through our Main Office and Uptown Offices in New York, through our correspondents in various cities, and through the mails.

*Our monthly booklet, "Investment Recommendations," will be sent to you on request.*

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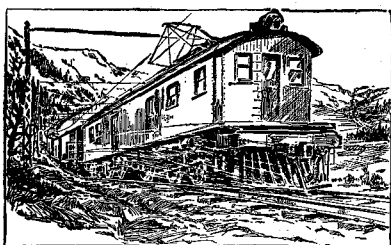
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Banks, Trustees, Insurance Companies, Institutions, Etc., have invested with us for years without the loss of a cent in principal or interest. Individuals are invited to take advantage of our First Mortgages on improved farms, \$300 and up. 25 years' experience. Our record an open book. Write for full particulars.  
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**6% AND SAFETY**  
First Farm Mortgages and Real Estate Bonds. Amounts to suit. 35 years' experience. Richest agricultural section in U. S. Send for pamphlet "S" and offerings.  
**E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D.**  
Capital and Surplus \$500,000

**6%** For nearly a quarter of a century  
we have paid 6% on Time Certificates, issued for \$100 or more, and have never been a day late in mailing checks for semi-annual interest or withdrawals.  
For 16 years we have paid 5% on Certificates issued for \$25 or more and payable on demand.  
Our Certificates are amply protected by first mortgage on improved real estate in which all our investments are made.  
Booklet gives full information—write for it.  
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Big business is preparing for "full speed ahead." Sound investments are bound to enhance in value as industries everywhere expand to supply a war-torn world.

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## Are You An Investor?

During the past year the Financial Department of The Outlook has helped hundreds of Outlook readers to solve intelligently their particular investment problems. Perhaps you are contemplating a shifting of your present holdings or have fresh funds to invest. In either case we shall be glad to give you specific information on any securities in which you may be interested. This service is entirely free to Outlook readers.

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The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.



## IOWA Securities for Safety

**Iowa First Farm Mortgage**  
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are unaffected by changing conditions. Farms and cities of the premier agricultural state of the Union are the basis of security. For the investment of surplus funds or savings these bonds combine absolute safety of principal, dependable income and ready marketability.

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**\$50—\$100—\$500—\$1000**

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WRITE FOR FREE BOOK  
Iowa Investments No. 1521

**Bankers Mortgage Company**  
Capital \$2,000,000  
Des Moines Iowa

### Questions and Answers (Continued)

company agrees to reimburse the holder for the three-mill personal tax levied by the State of Pennsylvania, if the tax is paid.

There is a somewhat fine distinction to be drawn between such securities and those which, under the law, are tax free in that State. In the case of the former the tax is refunded to the investor only after he has been assessed and has paid, whereas the holder of the latter is exempt from this particular tax in respect of the securities in question.

Q. I hold some of the First Liberty Loan Bonds. Will you be good enough to tell me whether or not they can now be converted into any bonds bearing a higher rate of interest. I understand that some of the conversion privileges have expired.

A. The privilege of converting bonds of the Second 4 per cent Liberty Loan and those of the First Loan which have been converted into 4s expired on November 9. None of the 4<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> per cent loans, either of the original issues or of those that have been converted into them, carry any conversion privilege. However, bonds of the First 3<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> per cent Loan may be exchanged for any higher-rate bond issued during the war (except short-term five-year loans) within six months from the date of issue of such higher-rate bond. Date of termination of the war shall be fixed by proclamation of the President. At present, the only exchanges open to the holders of the First Loan are conversions into First converted 4<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>s maturing June 15, 1947, issue of October 24, 1918, and Fourth 4<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>s, maturing October 15, 1938.

Q. I own the following bonds, and would much appreciate your opinion as an aid in determining whether or not to continue to hold them. What is their present market value, and are they likely to sell at par again:

Norfolk Southern Railroad Company, first and refunding 5s, due 1961.

Utica Gas and Electric refunding and extension 5s, due 1957.

Scranton Electric Company first and refunding 5s, due 1937.

A. Of the bonds you mention, the first, Norfolk Southern Railroad Company first and refunding 5s, occupy a position about half-way between an investment and a speculation. Their future value will depend largely on the earnings of the road. In this respect their position is comparable to that of a stock. They sell in the neighborhood of 65 per cent of the par value.

Both of the other bonds mentioned are well secured and have a ready market. The Utica Gas and Electric refunding and extension 5s are now quoted about 89 to 91, and the Scranton Electric Company first and refunding 5s about 95 bid, 98 asked.

Enhancement of value of the outstanding securities of any public utility will depend as largely on the rate increases which Government regulation may or may not permit as on the general condition of the money market.

Q. I have 100 shares of Standard Motor Construction Company stock. In past years they have paid in extra dividends \$8, in quarterly payments of \$2 each. I would like to know the value of same, and why the stock is selling at 8 bid, 8<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> asked.

A. The common stock of this company has a par value of \$10 per share, which accounts for the quotation given. The concern has been very prosperous, earning 22.02 per cent on its stock in 1916, and in 1917 55.02 per cent. The statement for the year ending December 31, 1917, showed an accumulated surplus nearly equal to the total outstanding stock. The five-year average of income available was more than six times the requirement for 6 per cent dividends.

## Why Be Thin and Frail?

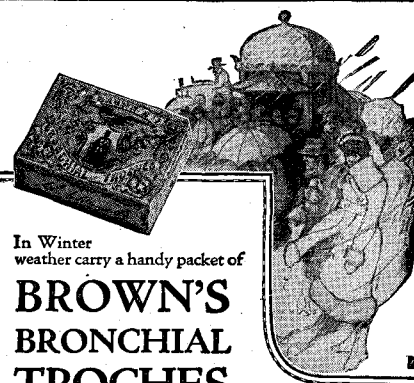
I CAN make you weigh what you should. Can build up your strength. Can improve your figure. Can teach you to stand and walk correctly. In your home. Without drugs. By scientific methods such as your physician approves. Results will be noticeable to you and your friends in a few weeks.

One pupil writes: "Under your treatment I gained 15 pounds the first three months and became strong and healthy. I would not be back where I was for any amount of money."

If you only realized how surely, how easily, how inexpensively your weight can be increased, your figure perfected, and your health improved, I am certain you would write me.

I want to help you as only a woman can. I've had a wonderful experience covering sixteen years. Write to me and if my work won't help I will tell you what will.

**SUSANNA COCROFT**  
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In Winter weather carry a handy packet of

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These lozenges give surprisingly quick relief from sore throat, coughing, hoarseness, tickling in the throat, loss of voice and kindred troubles.

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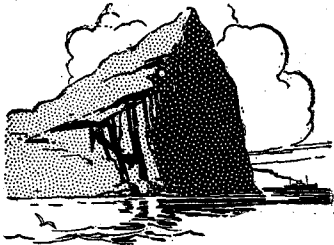
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MANY readers of The Outlook will remember with pleasure those interesting stories by Laurence La Tourette Driggs, "The Adventures of Arnold Adair, American Ace," that were published in The Outlook some months ago. These stories, with many additional adventures of Arnold, have been published in book form by Little, Brown & Co., the well-known Boston publishers. It is a handsomely bound volume of over three hundred pages, containing many illustrations from original drawings and photographs, and will make a most attractive gift. The retail price of the book is \$1.35 net. By special arrangement with the publishers we are able to offer it in combination with a year's subscription to The Outlook at the special price of \$4.35 for the book and the subscription. Only a limited number of volumes are available for this offer, which will be withdrawn when our present supply is exhausted.

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## BY THE WAY

Two marvelous escapes from drowning are recorded as having taken place during the war. One was that of a sailor who was washed overboard from a patrol vessel during a storm at night, and was thought to be lost till he hailed the watch from under the stern. He had caught the log-line, which trailed for a couple of hundred feet behind, and hauled himself along it to safety. In another case a lad was washed overboard at night from one destroyer, and then heaved by a wave upon the deck of another vessel half a mile astern! When he was restored to his own ship at the end of the voyage, his amazed captain thus addressed him: "Young man, you have used up all the luck you will have in your life. The navy is no safe place for you. Take my advice and get out of it as soon as Uncle Sam will let you!"

Most readers are familiar with the story of the German Bank in an American city which, finding its name unpopular, changed it to the "Sherman Bank." Here is another example on the same lines: A popular New York City German restaurant was called the Kloster Glocke (Cloister Bell), and its front was decorated with a large bell as a sign. The name has been changed to the "Liberty Bell," and the bell of the old monastery now does duty as a replica of the one which rang out independence to the colonies.

The London "Saturday Journal" has this little joke on English as it is spoken by some Americans in France: "Sammy—'Say, Missie, do you speak English?' Alsatian—'Mais oui, M'sieur—a leetle.' Sammy—'Well, then, can you direct me to the nearest foam bureau?'"

The dangers of sea travel are not yet entirely over, owing to floating mines. A recent Admiralty order, according to "Shipping," warns people against the sinking of these mines by rifle fire near the coasts. Sunk in this way, it seems, the mines are liable to remain as an underwater danger close to the foreshore. "The issue of this order," says "Shipping," "should serve to remind us that there are still thousands of mines at large, and that the task of clearing the seas will prove no light one."

The "Scottish American" reprints the story of the first Christmas in dialect from "The New Testament in Braid Scots," a translation by the Rev. William Wye Smith. Here are sample verses (Luke ii. 10-12):

And the Angel said, "Be na gliff'd; for I bring ye gude tidins o' muckle joy to the hail world! For thar is born t' ye this day, in David's toun, a Saviour, wha is the Anointit Lord. And here is the token for ye; ye'se fin' the bairn row't in a barrie-coat, lyin' in a manger."

A company has been formed to develop the use of balsa wood in America. The balsa tree is said to grow in all tropical countries; our principal supply now comes from Costa Rica and Panama. Balsa wood is lighter even than cork, but possesses considerable structural strength. It can be used for lifeboats, life-preservers, buoys, and for airplane and hydroplane construction.

In a book called "Certain American Faces" the author, C. L. Slattery, tells this story of the Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook: "Dr. Lyman Abbott came [in a lecture hall], explaining his theological

system. A weird student in the top row asked Dr. Abbott plaintively if he were not a Eutychian. 'I have no interest,' Dr. Abbott answered, 'in those ancient distinctions. I don't know what a Eutychian is.' 'I thought so,' said the student with a sigh—which put the whole crowd into a roar of laughter.

Dr. Abbott's frankness disarmed this critic. Another speaker, of a very different character—Robert G. Ingersoll—once staved off an interruption, while he was making a political speech, by a similar acknowledgment. The man in the top row called out, "Mr. Ingersoll, would you answer a question?" Like a flash came the answer: "I don't know—I'm an agnostic."

Here is a photographer's joke: "Bella—'He fell in love with her photograph, and asked her for the original.' Fred—'What developed?' Bella—'She gave him the negative.'"

The words "reform," "retire," and "recover" bring to a reader certain definite ideas. But the usual connotation of the words is abruptly upset when he reads these signs, "Umbrellas Recovered Here," "All Kinds of Wheels Retired While You Wait," and this headline, "Regiment Reforms and Drives Huns Back."

Pointing to the picture of a tiger in a book on animals, says "Good Health," the fond father asked little three-year-old what its name was. She answered promptly, "Kitty." To the same question about the lion came the answer, "Doggy." Elated with the seemingly quick perception of his daughter, father turned to the picture of a chimpanzee and said, "Baby, what is this?" "Papa."

A wheel which loses its governor and revolves too rapidly bursts with all the force of an explosion. This happened recently in an electric light plant in New Rockford, North Dakota. The bursting wheel wrecked the engine-room and its machinery, tore a huge hole in the brick wall which faced it, and sent one of its fragments, weighing 450 pounds, a distance of five hundred feet.

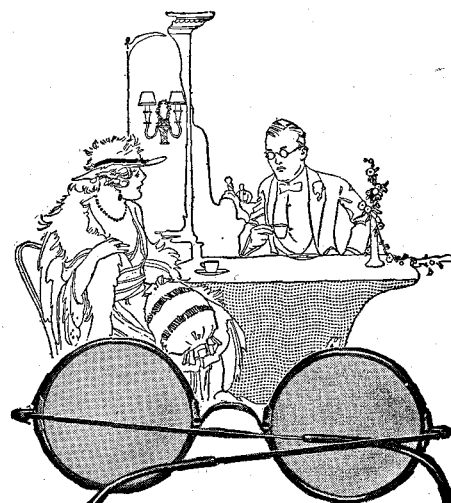
Plays on words are not characteristic of plain people, but the Editor's Drawer of "Harper's Magazine" credits these examples to Irish Mis' Flanagan and darky Mistah Morgan: The landlord had informed Mrs. Flanagan that he had decided to raise her rent. "It's the darlint ye are, sir," replied Mrs. Flanagan, enthusiastically. "I wor wonderin' how I c'd raise it meself!" Joe Morgan confided to a friend that he had had a piece of luck. "I got a job last Sunday that brought me in six dollars," he said. "What?" exclaimed the friend; "you don't mean to tell me that you broke the Sabbath?" "Well, suh, it was like dis: it was one or de odder of us dat had to be broke."

Recent novelties among inventions are advertised as follows:

Fluid Driven Motor—Utilizes water and wind as its power. New marvelous invention offers great possibilities.

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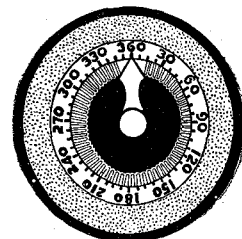
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# The Most Profitable Evening I Ever Spent

—The Evening In Which I Acquired David M. Roth's  
Secret of an Infallible Memory

By VICTOR JONES

**P**EOPLE say my memory is uncanny—that it must have taken years of patient effort on my part to have trained my mind to retain and recall all the faces, figures and facts I have stored away. But nothing could be further from the truth. It seems almost incredible, yet I learned the secret of an infallible memory in a single evening—and it was the most profitable evening I ever spent.

Before I discovered my perfectly good memory, hundreds of important facts and figures used to slip away from me. I was a slave to the memo pad and other artificial aids to memory. My inability to remember names and faces was embarrassing—and costly. I had to apologize almost every time I met some one I had met before. I couldn't remember what I had read in letters or books. My mind was like a sieve. Yet today my memory is absolutely under my control. I can meet fifty people within ten minutes and call them by name an hour later or at any time anywhere. I can recall long lists of bank clearings, telephone numbers, facts, names, rates, in fact anything I care to remember. I can repeat entire passages out of a letter or a book after reading it once. My mind is like a well ordered filing cabinet—I just reach into it and draw forth whatever I have stored away.

Instead of being a handicap, as it was formerly, my memory is now my greatest asset. The cold fact is that after my memory began to improve I got a new grip on my business, and in six short months I increased my sales by \$100,000, and that in war time, mind you, with anything but a war bride.

But my reader is doubtless anxious to know *how* I improved my memory in one evening. It all came about through meeting David M. Roth, the famous memory expert, at a luncheon of the Rotary Club in New York, where he gave one of his remarkable memory demonstrations. I can best describe it by quoting the *Seattle Post Intelligencer's* account of a similar exhibition.

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in the forty-eight States to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson stuck. And so did the other six.

The result was—and my cashier will vouch for this—I increased my sales by \$100,000 in six months!

The reason stands out as brightly as a star bomb. Mr. Roth has given me a firmer mental grasp of business tendencies and a better

balanced judgment, a keener foresight and the ability to act swiftly and surely that I never possessed before.

His lessons have taught me to see clearly ahead; and how to visualize conditions in more exact perspective; and how to remember the things I need to remember at the instant I need them most in business transactions.

In consequence, I have been able to seize many golden opportunities that before would have slipped by and been out of reach by the time I woke up.

You see the Roth Course has done vastly more for me than teaching me how to remember names and faces and telephone numbers. It has done more than make me a more interesting talker. It has done more than give me confidence on my feet.

It has given me a greater power in all the conduct of my business.

Mr. Roth's course has endowed me with a new business perspective. It has made me a keener observer. It has given me a new sense of proportion and values. It has given me visualization—which after all is the true basis of business success.

So confident are the publishers, the Independent Corporation, of the remarkable value of the Roth Memory Course to every reader of this magazine that they want you to test out this remarkable system in your own home before you decide to buy. The course must sell itself to you by actually increasing your memory before you obligate yourself to spend a penny.

Don't send a single penny. Merely fill out and mail the coupon. By return post, all charges prepaid, the complete Roth Memory Course will be sent to your home.

Study it one evening—more if you like—then if you feel that you can afford not to keep this great aid to more dollars—to bigger responsibilities—to fullest success in life, mail it back to the publishers within five days and you will owe nothing.

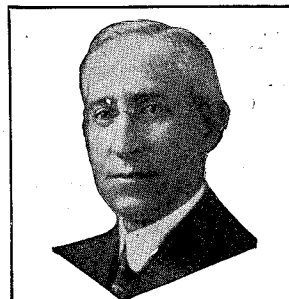
Good judgment is largely a matter of memory. It is easy to make the right decisions if you have all the related facts outlined in your mind—clearly and exactly.

Wrong decisions in business are made because the man who makes them forgets some vital fact or figure which, had he been able to summon clearly to mind, would have changed his viewpoint.

A man's experience in business is only as old as his memory. The measure of his ability is largely his power to remember at the right time. If you can remember—clearly and accurately—the solution of every important problem since you first took hold of your work, you can make all of your experience count.

If, however, you have not a good memory and cannot recall instantly facts and figures that you learned years ago, you cannot make your experience count.

If a better memory means only one-tenth as much to you as it has to me and to thousands of other business men and women, mail the coupon to-pay—NOW—but don't put it off and forget—as those who need the Course the very worst are apt to do. Send the coupon in or write a letter now before the low introductory price is withdrawn.



The Amazing Memory Feats  
of David M. Roth

The *Seattle Post Intelligencer*  
said:

"Of the 150 members of the Seattle Rotary Club at a luncheon yesterday, not one left with the slightest doubt that Mr. Roth could do all claimed for him. Rotarians at the meeting had to pinch themselves to see whether they were awake or not."

"Mr. Roth started his exhibition by asking sixty of those present to introduce themselves by name to him. Then he waved them aside and instructed a member at a blackboard to write down names of firms, sentences, and mottoes on numbered squares, meanwhile sitting with his back to the writer and only learning the positions by oral report. After this he was asked by different Rotarians to tell what was written down in various specific squares and gave the entire list without a mistake."

"After finishing with this Mr. Roth singled out and called by name the sixty men to whom he had been introduced earlier, who in the meantime had changed seats and had mixed with others present."

## Independent Corporation

(Publishers of The Independent Weekly)

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